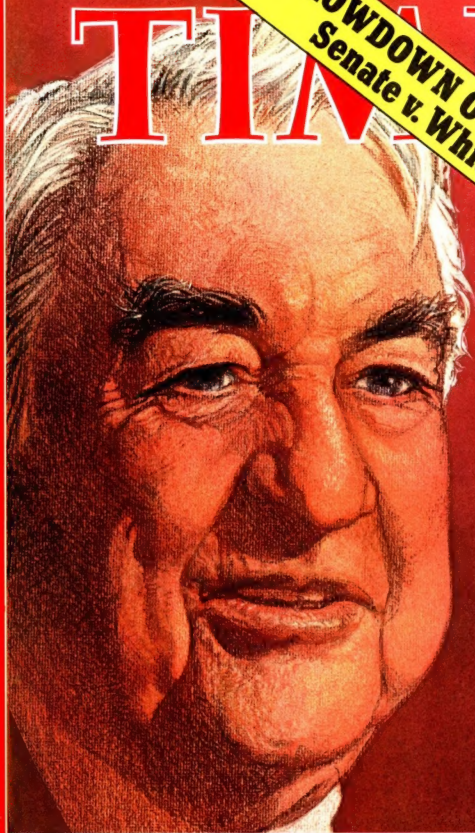


FIFTY CENTS

APRIL 16, 1973

# TIME

**SHOWDOWN OVER SECRECY**  
**Senate v. White House**



**Watergate**  
**Prober**  
**Sam Ervin**

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(Patent No. 3,396,733)



Regular or Menthol

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Shouldn't your next cigarette be True?

Regular: 12 mg. "tar", 0.8 mg. nicotine;  
Menthol: 12 mg. "tar", 0.7 mg. nicotine, av. per cigarette, FTC Report Aug. '72.

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Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined  
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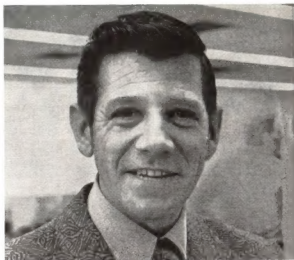


Jerry Parnell  
Allstate Policyholder  
Buffalo, New York

"The car in front of me jammed on his brakes. It was wet, and I slid right into him. I called Allstate."

"I'm a medical student. I was studying for a big exam, so I couldn't waste any time."

"I was there for about 15 minutes. Mr. Snyder estimated the damage and gave me a check. It was bim, bim, bim!"



Al Snyder  
Allstate Claim Adjuster  
Buffalo, New York

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There are more than 300 Saab dealers nationwide. For the name and address of the one nearest you call 800-243-6000 toll free. In Connecticut, call 1-800-882-6500.

## LETTERS

### Eliminating the Poor

Sir / The rapid increase in food prices at food markets is just a part of Nixon's anti-poverty program. He's planning to eliminate the poor by starving them to death.

WARREN H. RAAB  
Dover, Pa.

Sir / The low-income people were using substitutes and selective buying before the present spiral began, but now they are hanging at the end of the rope with no relief in sight. What we are being told is, if you cannot keep up with the price rise then lower your standard of living.

D.M. SMITH  
Livingston, Mont.

Sir / Let 'em eat cake or cheese or fish or less meat or much less meat or less everything or plant gardens or whatever. What do those people eat who keep telling us what to eat? With their incomes, it is more than fish and chips!

RICHARD TOURANGEAU  
Boston

Sir / If nothing is impossible, why not inaugurate the following: "For every 1% increase in the cost of living, all members of Congress will have their salaries permanently reduced \$5,000 per month." Instead of all the investigations and grandstand plays by the Congress, let it get busy with something to remedy the present situation.

E.R. PARR  
Chanute, Kans.

Sir / Those protesting the high price of meat mean well. But the truth is that we have been spoiled for years by low food prices at the expense of the American farmer and producer. Let's be honest enough to admit that most of us would not become farmers because of the conditions and the risk.

(THE REV.) OSCAR T. MOLINE  
McPherson, Kans.

### No Repeaters

Sir / TIME's Essay "Fighting Crime" [March 26] reviews death penalty statistics—incompletely. No mention was made of the low incidence of repeat offenders among the ranks of those who have received the death penalty. Further, no argument has been presented to prove that the death penalty is a precursor of violent crime.

HOWARD Q. DUGUID  
Darien, Conn.

Sir / Mr. Nixon's "hard line" on criminals is obviously an elementary oversight in cause-effect principles. More precisely and elegantly expressed (with thanks to J.J. Rousseau): "A fool, if he be obeyed, may punish crimes as well as another; but the true statesman is he who knows how to prevent them."

With this in mind, let us hope that Congress rejects Mr. Nixon's "pound of cure" for the much more economical and reasonable "ounce of prevention."

KURT D. LUEDKE  
Providence

### Hamburgers and Polygraphs

Sir / From reading the article "Truth or Consequences" [March 19] I am of the opinion that your reporter-researcher is quali-

fied only to serve hamburgers. The commercial use of the polygraph is the only thing that is keeping many small and marginal businesses afloat. This machine is no sinister monster designed to deny people the right to earn an honest living. It is rather a scientific instrument that can guarantee the basic honesty of persons placed in positions of trust.

The polygraph is the best friend an innocent man ever had.  
JAMES H. GRIFFITH  
Cincinnati

Sir / I must sadly admit we have taken one more step toward the impersonal world of 1984.

To think that one would have to take a polygraph test in order to be allowed to sell hamburgers is frightening.

STEPHEN HEVER  
San Mateo, Calif.

Sir / I have been bilked several times recently by employees of a company that reportedly subjects its personnel to polygraph tests, so this question immediately comes to mind: Are employees ever asked if they have ever stolen for the company as well as from the company? If so, does management hold that a truthful affirmative reply is a virtue in the first instance and a vice in the second?

WILLIAM L. BROCKWELL  
Hopewell, Va.

### The Family Quarrel

Sir / I can respect any female black's decision not to associate with a crusade that she feels is untimely and unimportant, and I can almost understand why *Encore's* Editor Lewis interprets Women's Lib as a "family quarrel between white women and white men" [March 26].

But I vehemently resent anyone's indicting the entire middle class of white women! Most of us do not have domestic help, many of us do work outside the home out of need, and the vast majority want an atmosphere of fairness for all women, regardless of color.

If you won't join us, for God's sake don't knock us!

MARY SHREY  
Pittsburgh

Sir / Black women who work and leave young children at home under the care of eight- and ten-year-old brothers, sisters or cousins need day-care centers, which Women's Lib is working for.

Working women's need for child-care facilities is no "playtoy for middle-class white women."

(MRS.) MILDRED JACKSON  
Detroit

### Mosaic of Facts

Sir / Congratulations on your statement, "The freedom of the press . . . does not belong to journalists; it belongs to the public" [March 19]. Freedom of the press is not primarily intended to convey privilege to journalists; on the contrary, it imposes an obligation.

EWALD SCHUETTNER  
Los Angeles

Sir / It is high time that "poison pen" reporters were made to account for their writings. I am sick of their crybaby screams of "Freedom of the press!" whenever they are

called to account by the Administration. Yes, I want the news, but not colored with personal prejudice.

MORITZ A. KUHN  
Milford, Pa.

Sir / My nomination for Man of the Year: the beleaguered journalist.

DAVID GROVER  
Galion, Ohio

### Wounded Knee

Sir / You quoted me correctly concerning my suspicions of media manipulation by the American Indian Movement's leadership at Wounded Knee [March 26], but you omitted one observation of considerable importance. I also said that the AIM leadership had refined the craft of confrontation to a remarkable degree, making it pictorial as well as picturesque. They know that a mounted and armed Indian patrol is a rare and newsworthy sight in this century.

As for Sollers' observation that the thing could have been settled in a week without our press, it seems germane to say that Sollers and his superiors could have ended the matter by taking a less intransigent position in the negotiations.

BILL BROWN  
ABC News  
Chicago

Sir / Has our Government forgotten how to deal with Indians? Promise them anything but give them a scrap of paper.

EDWARD C. MANN  
Holly, Mich.

### A Night's Consequence

Sir / Your cover story on Carlos Castaneda and Indian sorcery [March 5] presented me rather like the Clifford Irving of the mush-

# MOVING?

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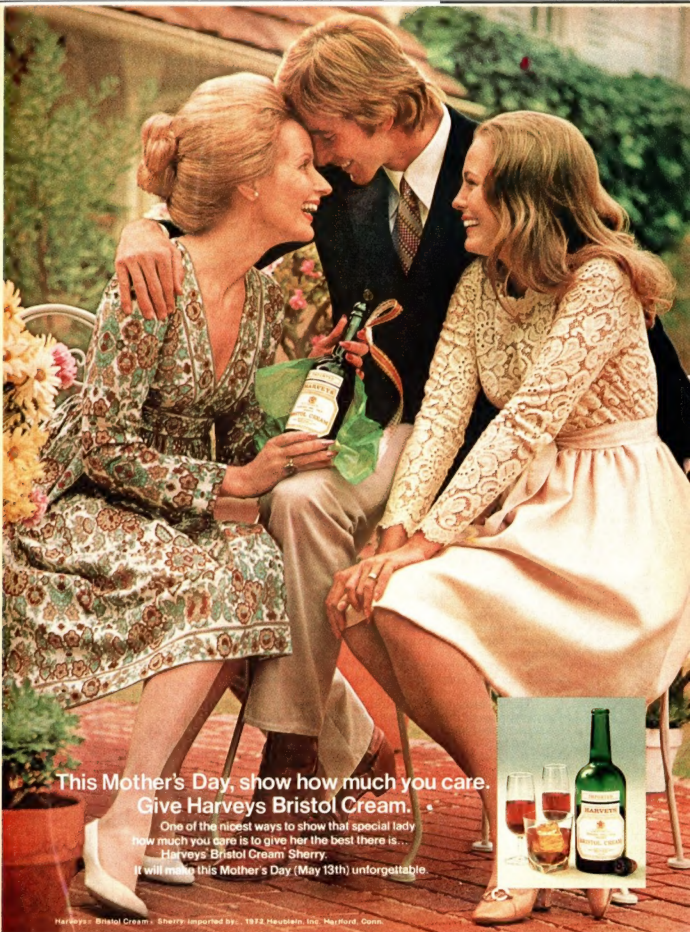
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**This Mother's Day, show how much you care.  
Give Harveys Bristol Cream.**

One of the nicest ways to show that special lady  
how much you care is to give her the best there is...  
Harveys' Bristol Cream Sherry.  
It will make this Mother's Day (May 13th) unforgettable.



**Spend a little time reading now  
and you'll save a lot of time working later.**

<b>Grass trimmers, under \$20</b>						
Leading brands	Type	Cutting action	Power	Weight (approx)	Over-the-counter replacement	
ROCKWELL Model No. 46	Standup	Rotary	Cordless— recharger included	2 lb	Yes	
BLACK & DECKER Model No. 8200	Standup	Rotary	110 volts— extra cord needed	2 lb	Yes	
DISSTON Model No. EGS-1	Hands and knees	Scissor	Cordless— recharger included	2 lb	None	
SEARS Model No. 8681	Hands and knees	Scissor	Cordless— recharger included	2 lb	Yes	
<b>Hedge trimmers, under \$15</b>						
Leading brands	Double insulated for safety	Cutting action	Cutting edges	Blade gap	Bar length	Over-the-counter replacement
ROCKWELL Model No. 33	Yes	Double	Two	1 in.	13 in.	Yes
BLACK & DECKER Model No. 8100	No	Single	One	¾ in.	13 in.	Yes
BLACK & DECKER Model No. 8110	No	Single	Two	¾ in.	13 in.	Yes
SEARS Model No. 8573	No	Single	One	¾ in.	13 in.	Yes
DISSTON			Not available in this price range			

Charts based on available information on 10/1/72.

Some facts about grass trimmers and hedge trimmers the chart doesn't explain:

Most grass trimmers operate on the scissors principle. They cut in only one direction.

The Rockwell trimmer works like a rotary lawnmower. It trims almost twice as fast as scissor-type trimmers.

You have a choice of two rotary trimmers in this price range. But only one is cordless.

Rockwell.

As for hedge trimmers, only Rockwell gives you double edge and double action in a hedge trimmer (the same as

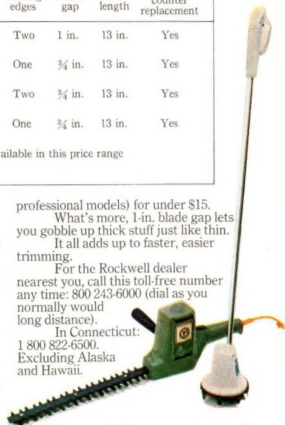
professional models) for under \$15.

What's more, 1-in. blade gap lets you gobble up thick stuff just like thin.

It all adds up to faster, easier trimming.

For the Rockwell dealer nearest you, call this toll-free number any time: 800 243-6000 (dial as you normally would long distance).

In Connecticut:  
1 800 822-6500.  
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and Hawaii.



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Cooks, the world's most accepted cheques, are now celebrating a Century of protecting the funds of travelers.

If your Cooks Cheques are lost or stolen, you get a prompt refund. Nobody refunds travel cheques faster than Cooks.

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Ask for **COOKS** Travel Cheques.  
Issued by the  
world's largest Travel Organization



What do you do when  
a smooth-talking agent  
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No matter what you're up against.  
Services We'll get the job done.  
Or call Manpower Temporary.  
Tell your white the "good" news.

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TEMPORARY SERVICES

## LETTERS

room-munching set, a reputation I neither enjoy nor deserve.

I made Mr. Castaneda aware of the fact that I intended to write a magazine article on him. Mr. Castaneda invited me into his seminar, invited me to visit the "place of power" described in my *Penthouse* article, and even gave me his home address in Los Angeles, a courtesy he extends to very few.

I did not deviously "procure" a copy of *Journey to Ixtlan*, nor did I "paste" one together. Even the most casual reading of my *Penthouse* article reveals that the greater portion of it has little to do with *Journey to Ixtlan*. In the few instances where there is redundancy between the article I wrote and *Ixtlan*, it occurred naturally as a consequence of the fact that during his stay at Irvine, Mr. Castaneda spoke freely of the material that subsequently appeared in the book *Journey to Ixtlan*.

JOHN WALLACE, PH.D.  
Associate Professor of  
Administration/Psychology  
University of California  
Irvine, Calif.

■ *Time* is glad to print Mr. Wallace's side of the story. Castaneda, however, says he does not remember meeting Professor Wallace and was not aware that Wallace was writing an article about him. Wallace's wife did attend Castaneda's class and Castaneda says it is possible that he may have spoken informally with her husband.

## One More Prayer

Sir / Under no circumstances would I put down in any way the gallant and courageous returned prisoners [March 19]. The contrast, however, between our happy and apparently healthy P.O.W.s, and the "grotesque sculptures of scarred flesh and gnarled limbs" who have been "politically re-educated" by Mr. Thieu, might make one more prayer of thanksgiving seem in order.

"Dear God, thank you for allowing me to be captured by the enemy, and not by the friends I was sent to fight for."

JOHN M. MORRIS  
Youngstown, Ohio

Sir / Now that we have once again been told about the tiger cages at Con Son and the barbarous tortures the South Vietnamese use in eliciting information from captives—*ad nauseam*—isn't it about time we have a decent in-depth study concerning the terror bombings of marketplaces and meetings, the kidnappings and murders of civilians committed by the Viet Cong?

MURRAY PURGANG  
New York City

Address Letters to *TIME*, Time & Life Building, Rockefeller Center, New York, N.Y. 10020

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# "To influence other people's thinking, I first had to change my own."



CARL SWENSON  
MOUNTAIN BELL TELEPHONE COMPANY  
PHOENIX, ARIZONA

Carl is a Supervising Service Foreman with 74 people reporting to him. "It's a tough job when the pressure is on," he says. "I thought I could learn more about how to motivate my people and that's why I took the Course."

"Well, I quickly learned how I could improve myself in dealing with others and from then on, I was a changed man. I learned how to be sincerely enthusiastic and instill this feeling in others. I can get my ideas across now—to one man at a time or the whole group—and instill everyone with the desire to get things done."

"It even carries over into my home life. My family enjoys more activities together. I don't worry any more. The Dale Carnegie Course showed me how to become a relaxed, happier and more effective person."

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### AMERICAN NOTES

#### Plugged Pipeline

More and more Congressmen and businessmen go about cursing the darkening clouds of the energy crisis, yet nothing has been done to light a candle of hope that sits in the nation's backyard—the Alaska pipeline. The oil reserves under Alaska's North Slope remain as frozen in controversy today as they were when the 789-mile pipeline to the ice-free port of Valdez was first proposed in 1969. The line has been stalled in part by environmental issues. Tanker traffic would almost certainly result in oil spillage and leaks from the pipeline—it would traverse three earthquake zones—could endanger the ecology of the arctic tundra. Yet the conservationists' biggest weapon turned out to be a narrow technicality: the required right of way would exceed the legal maximum 54-ft. width. The Administration looked to the Supreme Court to get around that legal scruple, but last week the court refused to review a lower-court decision upholding the law. Now the pipeline proposal will be bucked to Congress, where it may create as big a furor as the SST.

Since the pipeline issue is of vital national interest, the entire subject should be argued in the widest possible public debate. At least one alternative merits consideration: a longer pipeline from Alaska to the Midwest through Canada's Mackenzie Valley. Such a project could not only tap Canada's vast reserves but also move both countries toward a continent-wide policy for the development and use of energy.

#### Payola on Embassy Row

**AMBASSADOR**, n. *A political partisan whose campaign contributions are large enough to offset any disadvantage of training, language or ability in consideration for a top diplomatic post.*

That definition might well be considered for the next edition of *Webster's*. The New York Times last week published a list of ambassadors appointed by President Nixon, along with the amounts that they contributed to his last two elections. The price for even the least prestigious post seems to run to five figures. Thus, in ascending order, V. John Krehbiel, Ambassador to Finland, paid out \$19,000 to the G.O.P. in the past four years; Anthony D. Marshall, the ambassador to sunny Trinidad and Tobago, \$75,505; John P. Humes, Ambassador to Austria, \$159,500.

Last year alone, Walter H. Annenberg, Ambassador to the Court of St. James's, contributed \$254,000; Mrs. George Farkas, wife of the founder of Alexander's department store, and ambassador-designate to Luxembourg, anted up \$300,000 (\$200,000 of it after Nixon was safely re-elected). Even in Washington, however, money is not everything. Insurance Magnate W. Clement Stone, for instance, kicked in \$1,000,000 last year—along with several hints that he would like the London post—but he is still biding his time in Chicago.

Of course, awarding ambassadorships to the highest bidder is not new. Yet both the practice and the prices seem to be on the rise. In his first term Nixon gave 15 embassies to generous noncareer diplomats—more than twice as many as John F. Kennedy, and one-third more than Lyndon B. Johnson. Certainly it is high time to take the embassies out of the pork barrel.

#### Heaven on Wheels

The American auto has long enjoyed a not-so-subtle sanctity all its own. The vinyl and chrome interiors have become mobile family chapels for communing with nature and each other; the weekend car wash has become a purification rite, the trade-in for a newer model a form of spiritual renewal and reaffirmation. Now the auto's explicit religious overtones and artifacts have spilled over from the dashboard, where they have long been visual obstructions, to the bumper, where they constitute eyestoppers if not public affronts. The religious bumper sticker has

recently become a profitable business. An estimated 2,000,000 stickers will be printed this year. Among the hottest sellers:

OUR GOD IS NOT DEAD—SORRY

ABOUT YOURS

HONK IF YOU KNOW JESUS

SMILE. GOD LOVES YOU

AMERICA—HANDLE WITH PRAYER

FIND HELP FAST IN THE BIBLE PAGES

GUESS WHO'S COMING AGAIN?

THINGS GO BETTER WITH JESUS

In Elkhart, Ind., Elden W. Ferm, 42, a onetime car salesman, expects that his company, Ferm Associates, will produce half of this year's bumper crop. The tie-in between the path of righteousness and the macadam turnpike comes through most clearly in one of Ferm's latest offerings: I'M HEADED FOR THE PROMISED LAND, SEE YOU THERE —J.C. Or as the Old Testament counsels (*Jeremiah 31: 21*): "Set thee up waymarks, make thee high heaps: set thine heart toward the highway."

#### History on Trial

The Sacco and Vanzetti case stands—in the opinion of some—as a landmark in U.S. legal history, showing just how far justice can go off the track. According to that view, the two Italian anarchists were convicted and executed for a 1920 holdup-murder on conflicting and circumstantial evidence. The National Park Service seems to agree. In a recent letter to the Norfolk, Mass., county commission, the service suggested that the granite Greek-revival courthouse in which the case was tried should be made into a national landmark. Displaying a touch of radical chic, the Park Service argued that the Sacco and Vanzetti trial had "crystallized the tensions of the 1920s," revealing, among other things, "hostility to radicals, antipathy to foreigners and a jealous protection of the status quo."

As Park Service officials quickly discovered, the status quo is alive and well in Massachusetts. State Superior Court Chief Justice Walter H. McLaughlin called the service's proposal "a smear upon the administration of justice in this Commonwealth." Norfolk County Commissioner James J. Collins cringed at the thought of comparing landmarks like Mount Vernon and Bunker Hill with the Sacco and Vanzetti courthouse, and argued that in their case "justice had been served as well as it could have been with a jury trial." The proposal has yet to be rejected outright, but the odds are that Sacco and Vanzetti have lost again.

**JESUS IS THE BRIDGE  
OVER TROUBLED WATER**

things go better with **JESUS**

JOHN  
3:16

**TELLS IT  
LIKE IT IS**

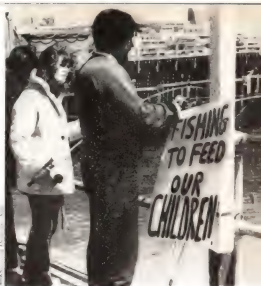
**THE KING IS COMING  
R-U-READY**



SUPERMARKET BOYCOTT IN NEWARK



MEAT DISCOUNT IN DENVER



FISHING FOR SUPPER IN SANTA MONICA, CALIF.

## INFLATION

# Rising Clamor for Tougher Price Controls

**A** NEW Majority formed in the U.S. last week, and it was hardly silent its platform: bring down food prices. From one end of the country to the other, consumers joined a boycott against meat, and both retailers and middlemen began to take a roasting. Some packing houses shut down. 20,000 meat-industry workers were laid off, and beef, pork and lamb sales dropped by as much as 50% in supermarkets.

The New Majority was further aroused by the announcement that overall wholesale prices had jumped in March by 2.2%, which would be 26.4% on an annual basis—the biggest increase since the Korean War. Racing ahead of other commodities, wholesale farm and food prices rose at an annual rate of 56%. Raw farm products soared 72%. Said one top Government economic analyst: "The numbers are absolutely, incredibly bad."

Besieged by consumers, Congress was stirred to action. In a price-fixing frenzy, the House Banking Committee voted to roll back retail food prices to May 1, 1972, an economically senseless measure that would be vetoed by the President because it would bankrupt farmers and middlemen. At the urging of the House leadership, the committee reconsidered next day and settled for a rollback of prices, rents and interest rates to Jan. 10, the last day of Phase II. The measure may still be too extreme to win a majority in the House, but public pressures are rising on Congressmen to pass some form of controls. Then the President will be put to the test: to veto or not to veto.

Nixon is ideologically committed to the freer markets of Phase III, but politically he is under intense fire. His economic chief, George Shultz, still de-

fends a policy of casual controls and promises that price relief is just around the corner. He expects food prices to peak in early summer and ease downward for the rest of the year. But another Nixon adviser, Arthur Burns, chairman of the Federal Reserve Board, is urging tighter controls. Nixon may be tempted to impose a freeze before Congress forces him to do so.

**Fryers.** The consumer majority proved beyond doubt that it had muscle. Housewives resorted to all kinds of meat substitutes and stuck to them—at least for the week. Many stocked up on poultry. Said the sales manager of a major West Coast food chain: "It looks like Christmas in our warehouses—turkeys and fryers are really moving out." A Los Angeles shopper, Jane Burnham, pledged: "I'll boycott until I grow feathers from eating so much chicken." Others seemed to be willing to sprout scales. Fish sales rose sharply, driving up the price of fillet of sole to \$2.90 a lb. in many places, exceeding the cost of porterhouse steak.

People were not buying as much meat in restaurants, some of which offered meatless menus. There were occasional unrepentant carnivores. At La Goulue, a new Manhattan restaurant where the chic meet to eat, Salvador Dali, Andy Warhol, Ultra Violet and Candy Darling feasted on lamb chops one afternoon last week. But at a nearby table Prince Rainier and Princess Grace of Monaco observed the boycott by lunching on salad.

To beat the food prices, some consumers have become part-time farmers. In suburban Hanover, Mass., several families are raising calves, sheep, pigs and chickens in their backyards; in Middlesex County, Mass., Agricultural

Agent Ronald Athenas received 275 calls in a 24-hour period on his "hot line," which supplies gardening tips. On request, Seventh-day Adventists have recently mailed 7,000 booklets of meatless recipes to recent converts to vegetarianism. The Adventists have also sold 1,700 copies of their meatless cookbook (\$2.95) at regional headquarters in Glendale, Calif.

When they could, farmers fought back. Their wives swooped on meat stores and plucked them clean. A group led by Mrs. Crayton Gublike, wife of a wheat and cattle farmer, held a buy-in in Spokane, Wash., while LAMP (Ladies Against Meat Prices) was picketing on the streets. Mrs. Kenny Williams, a LAMP leading light, said she welcomed such an expedition. "That shows the public where the money is—on the farm." Trying a more conciliatory tactic, a group of 21 farmers in Columbia, Mo., bought most of a store's meat supply and handed it out free to customers.

The boycott had made its mark. Prices, which held steady early in the week, began to slip in some places, though it is still too soon to tell if the housewives will ultimately succeed. In Chicago, wholesale beef and hog prices dropped a few cents per lb.; Grand Union Co., the tenth-largest food chain in the U.S., cut the price of beef, pork, lamb and veal by 10¢ per lb., and a few other chains also made reductions. Some 200 leaders of the New Majority—housewives, labor-union officials and consumer-group representatives—prepared to go to Washington this week to lay plans for a continued boycott or some other strategy—like urging abstinence from meat on certain days—that would bring food prices down and keep them there.

# Defying Nixon's Reach for Power

THE jowls jiggled. The eyebrows rolled up and down in waves. The forehead seemed seized by spasms. Yet the lips continuously courted a smile, suggesting an inner bemusement. The words tumbled out disarmingly, softened by the gentle Southern tones and the folksy idiom. But they conveyed a sense of moral outrage.

"Divine right went out with the American Revolution and doesn't belong to White House aides," the speaker said. "What meat do they eat that makes them grow so great? I am not willing to elevate them to a position above the great mass of the American people. I don't think we have any such thing as royalty or nobility that exempts them. I'm not going to let anybody come down at night like Nicodemus\* and

\*According to the Gospel of John, Nicodemus, a Pharisee, came to Jesus at night and asked him about his teachings and his divinity.

whisper something in my ear that no one else can hear. That is not Executive privilege. It is Executive poppycock."

With those words, typically skittering from Shakespeare to the Bible, North Carolina's Democratic Senator Sam J. Ervin Jr. was stepping up the rapidly accelerating tempo in a showdown over secrecy between the U.S. Senate and President Nixon. If the President will not allow his aides to testify publicly and under oath before the Select Senate Committee on Presidential Campaign Activities, Ervin vows, he will seek to have them arrested.

That threat is not an idle one. Ervin, 76, is chairman of the select committee that is investigating attempts to interfere with last year's presidential campaign. That includes the break-in and wiretapping of Democratic National Committee headquarters in Washington's Watergate complex last June. In defying Sam Ervin on this matter, the President is in collision with the most formidable Senator that this proud body could choose to lead its cause. Charming yet fearless, Ervin is the Senate's foremost authority on the Constitution, a former state supreme court justice and one of the few legislators who prefer the hard work of personal research in quiet libraries to the hurly-burly of cloakroom arm-twisting. He has, in a sense, spent much of his career preparing for precisely this kind of fight.

The Ervin committee, which has full subpoena powers, also has solid legal grounds for contending that White House officials cannot spurn any such subpoenas. Since he hopes to begin televised hearings in about two weeks, the issue is reaching a climax. It could easily lead to the most fascinating Capitol Hill TV drama since the Army-McCarthy hearings of 1954.

**Mess.** The stakes go far beyond whatever may be discovered about Watergate. Already, the adverse implications of that affair have undermined the credibility of Richard Nixon as a leader devoted to rigid standards of old-fashioned morality, to a stern and equal application of law, to an open and accountable Administration. Until the Watergate mess is cleared up, Nixon's closest political and official associates—and the President himself—will be operating under the handicap of a widespread and bipartisan suspicion that they have something sinister to hide.

Serious charges have been made in testimony before Senate committees and a grand jury in Washington, in statements by FBI agents and convicted Watergate conspirators, and in press reports that have not been effectively rebutted. Officials of the President's reelection committee got suitcases full of

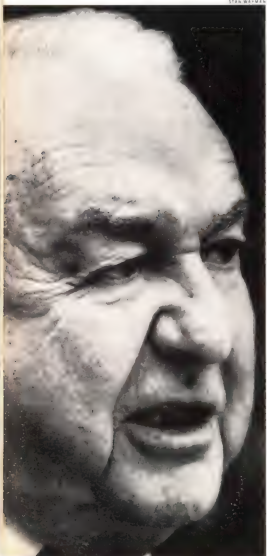


cash from secret donors, including one who is under investigation for violating federal laws. They failed to keep the complete financial records required by law. The President's personal lawyer admitted paying a political saboteur, and his official lawyer recommended the hiring of one of the Watergate conspirators. The FBI was used to gather campaign information, and cooperated humbly with White House officials whom it should have been investigating.

Last week the Watergate affair claimed its highest-level casualty so far: Nixon reluctantly complied with the request by L. Patrick Gray III that his name be withdrawn from Senate consideration as permanent director of the FBI (see following story page 16).

Ervin's dramatic drive to clarify all the murky mysteries surrounding Watergate is part of an even broader clash between two branches of Government. The White House and the Congress are locked in a struggle that goes to the very foundations of the Constitution. On a wide variety of fronts, Ervin is leading the challenge to the Executive Branch's expansion of power.

Beyond being the chief Watergate prober, Ervin is a key member of a special Senate subcommittee set up to investigate the President's excessive use of Executive privilege. The subcommittee, chaired by Maine's Senator Edmund Muskie, will begin hearings this week. Ervin is also chairman of the Senate's Judiciary Subcommittee on Constitutional Rights, which is trying to block Administration-supported attempts to force newsmen to reveal their confidential sources in judicial proceedings. He has proposed a "press shield" law that would protect newsmen who are subpoenaed at federal and state levels from having to reveal their sources.



SENATOR ERVIN



or unpublished information, unless they had witnessed a crime or had personally received a confession. Ervin had modified his bill several times on the basis of testimony before his committee—an example of how open he is to reasoned arguments by witnesses.

In addition, Ervin is chairman of two Senate bodies—the Government Operations Committee and the Judiciary Subcommittee on the Separation of Powers—that are trying to prevent the President from impounding funds. Nixon is claiming the right to withhold funds that have been voted by Congress and thus in effect to determine Government priorities regardless of the express wish of congressional lawmakers. Last week Ervin introduced an amendment to an unrelated bill that would oblige the President to seek congressional approval before impounding any funds. The amendment passed, 70 to 24.

If the amendment is enacted, Nixon will veto it. The difficulty of overriding such a veto was convincingly demonstrated last week when Senators failed by four votes to muster the two-thirds vote necessary to overcome Nixon's veto of a \$2.6 billion program to rehabilitate handicapped persons; the first such spending clash of the new congressional term.

Why, so late in his career, has the Senate turned to Sam Ervin to carry its banner in so many battles? Reports *TIME's* congressional correspondent Neil MacNeil: "Sam Ervin has been called 'the last of the founding fathers'—and in a way it is true. For more than a dozen years, he has chaired hearing after hearing on constitutional rights and the erosion of the separation of powers. Those hearings were conducted in all but empty committee rooms. This was his vineyard, and he worked it

alone. Now the Congress has at long last taken alarm. It has decided that it needs a constitutionalist—a man of great legal knowledge and judicial temperament—and in discovering that fact, it has discovered Sam Ervin."

Ervin is no brashly partisan Democrat seeking publicity by challenging the Republican President. Basically a shy if forthright man, he has spent 19 years in the Senate without attracting much national attention. His press conference last week was only the third one that he has called in all of those years. In many ways, despite his party affiliation, he is Nixon's kind of Senator. He is probably even more tightfisted and fiscally conservative than the President. In interpreting the Constitution, he fully meets Nixon's standard of a "strict constructionist." Nixon recently called him "a great constitutional lawyer." No one is more eager than Ervin to go along with a central theme of Nixon's second inaugural address: "We have lived too long with the consequences of attempting to gather all power and responsibility in Washington."

It is precisely because he feels that his beloved Constitution is being trampled upon by the President in an unprecedented power grab that Ervin is leading the effort in Congress to regain its rights. He considers the Nixon Administration "the most oppressive" that he has known, not only in its arrogance toward Congress but in its snooping on individuals, its extension of police powers and its harassing of newsmen. Ervin sees all such activity as violating the Constitution, which he calls "the finest thing to come out of the mind of man."

**Thirst.** Throughout Ervin's long career he has distrusted what he calls "the insatiable thirst for power of well-meaning men." As he sees it, "the Constitution was made to guard the people against the dangers of good intentions. There are men of all ages who mean to govern. They promise to be good masters, but they mean to be masters. The Constitution was written primarily to keep the Government from being masters of the American people."

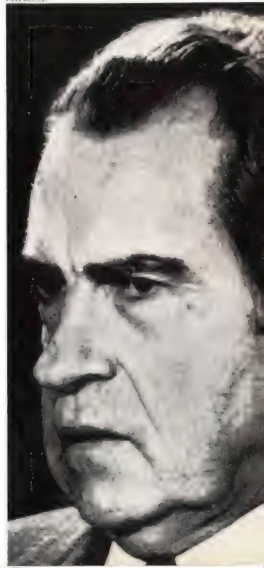
Self-effacing and good-natured, although never a backslider, Ervin was chosen by Senate Majority Leader Mike Mansfield to head the select committee because, Mansfield explained: "Sam is the only man we could have picked on either side who would have the respect of the Senate as a whole." Moreover, Ervin does not now have—and never has had—higher political ambitions. It is ironic that liberals, in particular, see Ervin as a heroic figure. Not too many years ago they were gnashing their teeth at his skillful, legal arguments against civil rights laws.

Now Ervin has the broad support of not only the Senate's Democratic liberals but also its Democratic conservatives and many Republicans. Nixon's secretive handling of the Watergate affair has dismayed his strongest backers. Republican office holders feel that they are

being needlessly tarred by Watergate and want the real culprits exposed. Also, many Congressmen disdain such intimate Nixon aides as John Ehrlichman, H.R. Haldeman and their assistants, who are often regarded by veteran politicians as arrogant, inexperienced and selfishly protective of the President. Noting that some members of the White House staff seem to be enmeshed in the Watergate affair, one Republican Senator said sarcastically: "It couldn't happen to a better bunch of guys."

In addition, Senators of both parties almost unanimously dispute Nixon's claim that Executive privilege protects his staff against congressional inquiry. That idea, unmentioned in the Constitution, rests on the doctrine of the separation of powers between the branches of Government. The thinking is that Congress cannot intrude upon the decision-making process of the Executive Branch and thus cannot demand to know the private advice that the President gets from his staff. Indeed, Presidents have traditionally demanded and been granted this privilege.

In his Watergate investigation, Sam





## THE NATION

Ervin is not trying to find out what White House aides may have told the President about some proper aspect of their official duties. He wants to know whether they took part in political activities that may have been illegal or improper or whether they know who did so. Yet Nixon has tried to ban any of his aides, even those no longer on his staff, from testifying before any congressional committee. Last week the *Washington Post* revealed that Nixon's chief counsel, John W. Dean III, had cited this privilege to avoid releasing travel documents to the General Accounting Office, which was trying to find out whether White House officials had made political campaign trips in Air Force planes without reimbursing the Government.

**Wrong.** The President will allow his staff members to respond to written questions from Ervin's committee. "But you cannot put a piece of paper under oath and cross-examine it," Ervin protested. Later, in a show of compromise, Nixon said that he would let some aides be questioned personally, but not under oath and not in public. Yet Ervin insists that, if the truth about Watergate is to emerge, the public—and not just a few Senators—has the right to "observe the demeanor of the witnesses and to judge their credibility."

The impasse between Ervin and Nixon seems to offer no avenue toward compromise. Nixon has said that he "would welcome" a court test on his decree of Executive privilege, adding "Perhaps this is the time to have the highest court of this land make a definitive decision." It is hard to find a legal scholar who thinks that Nixon would win his case.

Harvard's Raoul Berger, a specialist in the history of Executive privilege, scoffs at the Nixon claims of broad staff immunity from questioning as "utterly ridiculous—it's Executive propaganda without historical precedent. Nixon is all wrong on this." Yale Law Professor Alexander Bickel agrees, noting that some subjects discussed with the Pres-

ident are protected by the doctrine, but individuals as such are not. Nixon's attempt to put all aides under the doctrine, says Bickel, "can't hold water."

Even a high Justice Department official conceded under heavy questioning by a House subcommittee last week that a White House aide could not claim Executive privilege if a committee asked about any "wrongdoing" by the aide. Deputy Assistant Attorney General Mary C. Lawton agreed, for example, that Dean, Nixon's counsel, would have to testify if he was accused of obstructing the FBI's inquiry into the Watergate crimes. At his unsuccessful nomination hearings to succeed J. Edgar Hoover as director of the FBI, Gray testified that Dean "probably had lied" to FBI agents. Dean was given more than 80 FBI reports on Watergate by Gray, even though he had recommended the employment of one of the convicted wiretappers, G. Gordon Liddy.

Presidential Press Secretary Ronald Ziegler stressed the Administration's willingness to cooperate with investigations by noting that Nixon had ordered his aides to appear if subpoenaed by the federal grand jury in Washington that is probing the Watergate affair. Yet the gesture was meaningless, since the President has no power to exempt his aides from any such subpoenas. This also puts the White House in a new bind: if it responds to subpoenas from the Judicial Branch, why not from the Legislative Branch? Ervin fully intends to ask his committee to subpoena members of the White House staff if they do not respond voluntarily.

**Bible Country.** Ervin considers himself "a liberal in the true sense of the word," in the Jeffersonian sense that Government exists to make men free rather than to control them. That emphasis on individual liberty and responsibility—so often advocated by Richard Nixon—was common among Ervin's Scottish Presbyterian forebears. It is also a dominant view in the mountains around Morganton, N.C. (pop. 14,000), where Ervin has spent nearly his entire

life, except when away on official duties. It is Bible country, in which many lifelong residents still see card playing and dancing as evil, and tolerate only a thirst for moonshine liquor. Ervin, who drinks only moderately and spoils fine bourbon by mixing it with ginger ale, has a keen taste for the difference between good and bad home brew.

Ervin's father Sam Ervin Sr. was a self-educated, sharp lawyer who passionately hated F.D.R. and the kind of centralized authority that Roosevelt seized. As early as age 15, "Little Sam" began visiting his father's one-room office across from the county courthouse to learn law the way Father had, by reading one dry legal text after another.

Sam went at 16 to the University of North Carolina, where he developed a lifelong fondness for poetry (favoring Tennyson, Kipling and Shakespeare).

WITH WIFE MARGARET IN NORTH CAROLINA



LITTLE SAM AT THE AGE OF TWO (1898)



GIVEN FIRST OATH OF OFFICE AS A SENATOR BY VICE PRESIDENT NIXON (1954)





## The Hill Country Sayings of Sam Ervin

"I found that an apt story is worth an hour of argument," says North Carolina's Sam Ervin. "A story that fits a point that you're trying to make sort of tends to arouse your audience, to get their attention if you're about to lose it. And a good story is a good way to relieve tension." Thus Ervin sums up his liberal use of hill-country anecdotes and other witticisms to make points in congressional debate or simply to amuse his friends. A sampling of the Senator's folksy stories on a variety of subjects:

**ON DRINKING:** A constituent of mine bought some moonshine liquor and gave a portion to a friend. Sometime thereafter my constituent asked his friend what he thought of the liquor. "Well, it was just right," said the friend. "What do you mean, 'just right'?" my constituent retorted.

"I mean that if it had been any better, you wouldn't have given it to me," the friend replied. "And if it had been any worse, I couldn't have drunk it."

**ON IGNORANCE:** There is this man who is known as the most ignorant man in Burke County, North Carolina. Somebody once asked him if he knew what county he lived in, and he answered

flat out, "Nope." They asked him if he knew the name of the state, and he again answered, "Nope." Well, they then asked if he had ever heard of Jesus Christ. "No," he answered. Finally, they asked if he had ever heard of God. "I believe I have," he said. "Is his last name Damn?"

**ON BIG WORDS:** I once knew this preacher back home who liked to use words that he sometimes didn't quite understand. One time he brought in a visiting preacher, and after introducing him to the congregation he told him to preach loud, "because the agnostics in this church are not very good."

**ON LAWYERS:** There was a young lawyer who showed up at a revival meeting and was asked to deliver a prayer. Unprepared, he gave a prayer straight from his lawyer's heart: "Sir up much strife amongst the people, Lord," he prayed, "lest thy servant perish."

**ON JURIES:** One time when I was presiding over a murder trial in Burke County, they had special veniremen summoned in from another county to make sure that the accused got a fair hearing. I asked one of these jurors if he could be fair, and he answered: "I think he is guilty of murder in the first

degree, and he ought to be sent to the gas chamber. But I can give him a fair trial."

**ON POLITICS:** People in public life are sometimes subject to the same embarrassment as that of a young man who was persuaded to become a candidate for the state legislature. His father tried to talk him out of it. "Son, don't go into politics. Before it's over, they'll accuse you of stealing a horse." Sure enough, the young man lost and went back home where his father recalled his horse-stealing prediction. "Pa, it was much worse than that," the young man lamented. "They dern near proved it on me."

**ON SENATORS:** Once a question was put to a Senate chaplain, Edward Everett Hale. "Doctor, when you pray, do you look at the tragic condition of the country and then pray that the Almighty will give the Senators the wisdom to find solutions?" The chaplain replied, "No, I do not. I look at the Senators and pray for the country."

**ON NEWSMEN AND THE PRESS:** I am one of the few men in public life who doesn't complain much about his treatment at the hands of the press. The press takes me to task every once in a while, but they have always been very kind, not attributing my hypocrisy to bad motives. They have always attributed it to a lack of mental capacity.

and a knack for memorizing it. Always a hearty laughter, especially at his own jokes, he was elected president of his senior class and chosen its "best egg."

Shortly before graduation day in 1917, Ervin enlisted as an infantry private in World War I. He was wounded in action twice in France and won the Silver Star for "conspicuous gallantry" and the Distinguished Service Cross.

After returning for brief law study at Chapel Hill, Ervin passed the North Carolina bar examination. But he decided that he needed more training and entered Harvard Law School as an ad-

vanced, third-year student. After earning his degree ('22), he then began an unusual career in which he never reached for opportunities but had them thrust upon him. While he was still at Harvard, some friends, without his knowledge, nominated him as a Democratic candidate for the North Carolina legislature. Although eager to begin his law practice, he grudgingly accepted and, to his surprise, won in his Republican district. Ervin's talent for the deft oratorical put-down surfaced in Raleigh. When the state legislature in 1925 was convulsed by a Bible-belt debate over whether to allow the teaching of evolution in public schools, Ervin helped prevent such a ban by ridiculing it. "Only one good thing can come of this," he protested. "The monkeys in the jungle will be pleased to know that the North Carolina legislature has absolved them from any responsibility for humanity in general and for the North Carolina legislature in particular."

After serving three scattered terms, Ervin left the legislature to devote full time to practicing law with his father. "It was from him that I got the feeling that the freedom of the individual—no matter how lowly he is—is fundamental," Ervin recalls. The elder Ervin was especially incensed at any hint of police brutality. Young Sam was reluctantly drawn away from law practice by a series of appointments that Governors or other officials persuaded him to accept: in 1935 as a county court judge,

in 1937 as a superior court judge, in 1948 as a state supreme court justice.

During his six years on the North Carolina supreme court, Ervin gained a reputation for making sound judgments and writing clear, well-reasoned decisions. His aim, he says, was to "write decisions that didn't need interpretation," which are a rarity on many courts. Ervin is proudest of his role in the case of a black man who had been convicted of raping a white woman. Suspicious, Ervin pored over the trial's 1,200 pages of testimony, decided that the evidence was inconclusive, and had the man freed. The Senator still recalls what the relieved but resigned man said: "Boss, we never get off death row. We are on death row from the day we are here until the day we die."

**Turmoil.** Ervin's judicial career was briefly interrupted in 1946, when he was urged to run for the congressional seat held by his younger brother Joseph, who, suffering from painful osteomyelitis, had committed suicide. Ervin agreed only on condition that he would not seek re-election; he preferred to stay in North Carolina. That preference was abandoned again in 1954, upon the death of one of the state's most colorful Senators, Clyde Hoey. Governor William Umstead insisted that a reluctant Ervin replace Hoey.

The new Senator arrived in Washington at a highly emotional time—and was sworn into office by Richard Nixon, then Vice President. The Senate was

AS A SOLDIER IN WORLD WAR I (1918)



## THE NATION

in turmoil over what to do about the rampaging anti-Communist antics of Wisconsin Senator Joseph McCarthy and the Supreme Court's Brown decision ordering the desegregation of public schools. Ervin soon became embroiled in both battles.

Senator after Senator timidly turned down the thankless task of serving on the committee that would consider whether McCarthy should be censured. Lyndon Johnson, then minority leader, turned to Ervin because of his background as a judge. Ervin served on the committee and wholeheartedly advocated censure after hearing the evidence. His first major speech on the Senate floor denounced McCarthy for his "fantastic and foul accusations." Ervin declared that McCarthy should be ex-

posed in his limited view of federal authority. Some of his scholarly critics complain that Ervin's Constitution seems to lack a 14th Amendment, which provides for due process and equal treatment under the law. Ervin now concedes that, under the 14th Amendment, a constitutional case can be made for dismantling dual school systems, but he still insists that it provides no power to compel schools to integrate.

In pursuing his independent course in the Senate, Ervin has deplored wiretapping by federal authorities but has shown little concern about it at state and local levels. He drew the wrath of Women's Liberationists by fighting the women's rights amendment to the Constitution, terming it the "unisex amendment" and contending that it would de-

committee hearings, he has attacked the compilation by various Government agencies of a wide range of personal computerized data on citizens. He has denounced the Nixon Administration's crime bill for Washington, D.C., which permits jailing people who are considered dangerous but have not been convicted of any crime, as "a blueprint for a police state."

Despite his blunt language when aroused, Ervin is a compassionate man who has conducted his many committee hearings with courtesy and respect for witnesses. The transcripts are replete with phrases like "I am very much impressed by your statement" or "I want to congratulate you on the very lucid manner in which you stated your views." That is partly why Ervin seems to be the ideal Senator to hold those potentially volatile hearings on the many ramifications of Watergate.

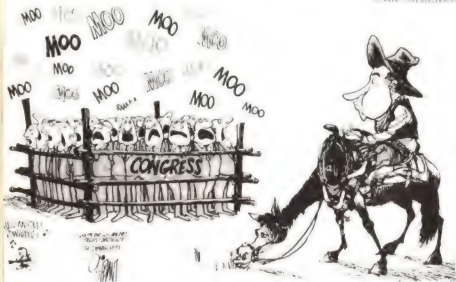
That reputation for fairness was tarnished two weeks ago, when Ervin was called away to attend the funeral of his youngest brother. In his absence, the investigation almost got out of hand. One of the convicted Watergate wiretappers, James W. McCord Jr., began making sensational allegations of White House involvement. He talked to the committee's staff investigator, Samuel Dash, 48, and to the committee itself. Dash, trying to apply pressure on the six other convicted conspirators to also talk, unwisely called a press conference to reveal that McCord had "promised to tell everything he knows."

**Leaks.** There were widespread leaks to newsmen about McCord's charges—all of which seemed to be based on hearsay and were so far unsubstantiated. One committee member, Connecticut Republican Lowell P. Weicker Jr., publicly demanded the resignation of Haldeman, the President's chief of staff. Weicker claimed that Haldeman "probably" knew about an operation of political sabotage against the Democrats that was far broader than the Watergate eavesdropping.

The resulting news stories gave Presidential Press Secretary Ziegler a choice opportunity last week to accuse the Ervin committee of "irresponsible leaks of tidal-wave proportions." Added Ziegler: "I would encourage the chairman to get his own disorganized house in order so that the investigation can go forward in a proper atmosphere of traditional fairness and due process."

Ervin, returning to Washington, moved to do just that. He protested that the leaks were coming not from his committee but from McCord's lawyers. Nevertheless, with the support of the committee's ranking Republican, Tennessee's Howard H. Baker Jr., Ervin ordered the committee not to hold any more closed-door hearings. Prospective witnesses would talk only privately to

\* Besides Ervin, Baker and Weicker, the select committee consists of Democrats Herman E. Talmadge, Daniel K. Inouye and Joseph M. Monrroy, and Republican Edward J. Gurney.



Impounded.

pelled because he was afflicted with either "moral incapacity" or "mental incapacity." After the Senate censured McCarthy, L.B.J. told Ervin: "You showed that you don't scare easily."

Nor did Ervin shy from carrying the banner of Southern states against school integration, expanded voting rights and opening public accommodations to blacks. His arguments were based on a higher intellectual plane than those of most Southern Senators, but this seemed a blind spot in his general devotion to individual rights. He held that the Supreme Court should never have taken up the Brown case, that it was legislating rather than interpreting. He could never see how federal law could force the owner of a hamburger stand to serve everyone, on the assumption that the seller was engaged in interstate commerce. In Ervin's view, schooling white children from neighborhood schools deprives them of their rights in the vague hope of helping blacks. Ervin contended that the Government has no power to require such acts.

In a sense, Ervin has been consid-

ered in his limited view of federal authority. Some of his scholarly critics complain that Ervin's Constitution seems to lack a 14th Amendment, which provides for due process and equal treatment under the law. Ervin now concedes that, under the 14th Amendment, a constitutional case can be made for dismantling dual school systems, but he still insists that it provides no power to compel schools to integrate.

With little fanfare, Ervin has used his chairmanships to advance individual liberties. He inspired the revised Uniform Code of Military Justice, claiming that servicemen were subject to arbitrary discipline rather than justice. He pushed through a bill preventing any Indian tribal council from depriving an Indian of his constitutional rights. Ervin led a reform of the bail system, giving judges the power to release suspects too poor to pay bail but likely to appear for trial. He secured passage of a bill limiting the use of lie-detector tests in screening federal employees.

Ervin has exposed the widespread surveillance of antiwar groups, black militants and even Congressmen and Senators by the U.S. Army. Through



WHITE HOUSE CHIEF OF STAFF HALDEMAN

the staff investigators until public hearings begin. And the chairman ordered the start of those hearings moved up so that they would begin after the Easter recess, which ends April 25.

Ervin and Baker took an even stronger step, indirectly criticizing Weicker. They issued a short press release stating: "In the interests of fairness and justice, the committee wishes to state publicly that it has received no evidence of any nature linking Mr. Haldeman with any illegal activities in connection with the presidential campaign of 1972." The chastised Weicker, admitting "I know when I've been zinged," said he had no such evidence against Haldeman—but indicated that he still thought Haldeman ought to quit because "he is chief of staff—and I hold him responsible for what happened."

**Watchdog.** The Ervin orders to hurry up the start of the hearings seemed necessary to keep rumors from running wild, but it shortened the time for careful staff investigation into the exceedingly complex and clouded affair. A priority aim of the committee would seem to be to unravel the tangled role played by White House Counsel Dean. He had insisted on sitting in on FBI interviews with White House personnel, and had asked for all FBI reports, but more as a White House watchdog, it seemed, than in a search for truth.

Dean's role seems pivotal, and the Ervin committee may have a tough time finding out just what it was. Last week Press Secretary Ziegler refused to respond to a series of questions that TIME put to him about both Dean and the President. Assuming that Nixon had no advance knowledge of the Watergate wiretapping, what did the President do when he heard about it? Did he summon his top aides and ask them about it? If not, why not? Did he rely entirely on Dean to conduct a White House investigation? What did Dean report? Was the President satisfied with whatever Dean told him, or did he question others? Does he feel that he now knows all about how Watergate happened and



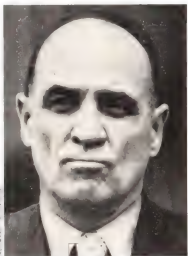
PRESIDENTIAL COUNSEL JOHN DEAN IN HIS OFFICE AT THE WHITE HOUSE

who was involved? If so, why does he not reveal all and spare himself the potential embarrassment of having the Ervin committee do so?

Those questions go, of course, to the heart of just how much Nixon can be hurt by the whole sordid affair. A survey conducted for the *Wall Street Journal* by a Princeton, N.J., polling firm disclosed last week that Watergate is arousing widespread concern and is seriously damaging the President and his party. Clearly, Nixon and his staff are going to have to face up to the consequences of Watergate and the manner in which the President's re-election campaign was conducted. It is not enough to issue indignant denials and then claim that aides can discuss the matter only in secret or behind the closed doors of grand jury rooms.

Ervin is not going to stand for that kind of evasion. For him, the Watergate investigation is a matter not just of high politics or powerful personalities but also of the most profound constitutional principles. In a far different context (a criminal case in which Ervin as a state supreme court justice argued to free a convicted man), he stated his first concern. "What may be the ultimate fate of the prisoner is of relatively minor importance in the sum of things," he wrote. "His role on life's stage, like ours, soon ends. But what happens to the law is of the gravest moment. The preservation unimpaired of our basic rules of procedure is an end far more desirable than that of hurrying a single sinner to what may be his merited doom."

The judicial Sam Ervin may well



CONVICTED WIRETAPPER MCCORD

conclude, after a fair hearing, that Nixon's top aides did not behave illegally or unethically in last fall's presidential campaign. If so, they have nothing to fear from his committee. But if they are not clean, they can expect no forgiveness for sins against the spirit of the Constitution from this persistent libertarian, who declares that "open and full disclosure of the governing process is essential to the operation of a free society." Mindful of the past, vigilant of the present and concerned about the future, Senator Sam Ervin warns: "Throughout history, rulers have invoked secrecy regarding their actions in order to enslave the citizenry."

## THE ADMINISTRATION

### Gray Goes

L. Patrick Gray, a key pawn in the growing stalemate between Congress and the Nixon Administration, was removed from the board last week, but not before one last attempt to salvage his confirmation as director of the FBI. For weeks, the White House, at least in public, had stuck by Gray while he was being grilled in the Senate Judiciary Committee hearings for his partisan handling of the agency and the Watergate investigation. But his testimony had deeply embarrassed several top Administration officials and disillusioned some of his supporters in Congress. Finally, at the White House's bidding, Attorney General Richard Kleindienst last week drove to the Capitol Hill office of Senator James O. Eastland, chairman of the committee, to sound out Gray's chances. Eastland told Kleindienst that he would make another try to get the confirmation passed, but that he saw no hope.

The following day, Eastland called his committee together on two hours' notice. Republican Senator Roman Hruska of Nebraska came prepared to spring the Administration's last gambit, a proposal to delay any decision on the nomination until the Senate completes its Watergate investigation, which might take a year or more and would have given Gray time to resign quietly in the interim. Gray's most powerful opponent on the committee, West Virginia Senator Robert Byrd, headed Hruska off with parliamentary maneuvering. When it finally became obvious that Gray's confirmation would never get out of committee, the closed-door session was brought to an end, and Gray telephoned Nixon in San Clemente, Calif., asking him to withdraw his name from consideration.

**Ordeal.** The congressional rebuff of Gray marked the biggest personal setback for President Nixon since the rejection of his appointments of Clement F. Haynsworth Jr. and G. Harrold Carswell to the Supreme Court. Nixon said that Gray had been the victim of "totally unfair innuendo and suspicion," and defended both the White House's request to see the FBI files on the Watergate case ("completely proper and necessary") and Gray's compliance. But White House rationalizations notwithstanding, Congress seemed determined to diminish partisan influence in the FBI in the future.

Senator Byrd introduced a bill last week that would make the bureau an independent agency, not answerable to the Attorney General, whose director would serve seven years. Washington Senator Henry Jackson introduced a measure that would extend the term to 15 years but require that any candidate have "extensive professional experience" in law enforcement, including ten years in the FBI.



SOPHOMORES PARTICIPATING IN COMMENCEMENT CEREMONIES AT VASSAR COLLEGE

## RACES

### Decade of Progress

"A remarkable development has taken place in America over the last dozen years: for the first time in the history of the republic, truly large and growing numbers of American blacks have been moving into the middle class, so that by now these numbers can reasonably be said to add up to a majority of black Americans—a slender majority, but a majority nevertheless."

That is the provocative thesis of a powerfully argued essay, "Black Progress and Liberal Rhetoric," by Ben Wattenberg and Richard Scammon, that appears in the April issue of *Commentary*. Presenting a wealth of data, the authors claim that 52% of the nation's black families have by now entered the middle class—a change that is "nothing short of revolutionary."

The article has already stirred opposition from civil rights leaders and others, who charge that it does not sufficiently emphasize that huge numbers of blacks are still in poverty. Critics also contend that the essay relies too heavily on U.S. Census figures, which, they say, tend to underestimate the number of poor blacks in the ghettos.

Census statistics, however, are as reliable as any, and Wattenberg and Scammon are thoroughly at home with them. Wattenberg was an adviser to President Johnson. Scammon, who now heads the privately operated Elections Research Center in Washington, directed the U.S. Bureau of the Census for four years. They collaborated on one of the most influential books of recent years, *The Real Majority*, which noted that the bulk of the electorate is "unpoor, unyoung and unblack."

During the 1960s, the authors write,

income for black families rose 99.6%,\* while income for white families increased 69%. In the North and West, young black married couples showed even more striking gains. Where the head of the household was under 35, median income rose from 78% of white income in 1959 to 96% in 1970. Almost one-third of the nation's black families now earn more than \$10,000 a year.

Also during the '60s, the number of blacks in low-paying jobs—in private households, in the service trades and on farms—declined from 4,000,000 to 3.5 million. The number who held generally better-paying jobs jumped from 4,000,000 to 5.1 million. The jobless rate for married black men over 20 declined more sharply than it did for the U.S. population as a whole. As in the case of whites, the authors say, at least 95 out of 100 black married men are at work.

The surge into the middle class is evident in education as well. In 1960 slightly more than a third of all young black men finished four years of high school. By the end of the decade more than half were graduating. Black women did even better, with 41% graduating from high school in 1961 and 61% in 1971. College enrollment also climbed. Ten percent of blacks aged 18 to 24 were attending college in 1965. Six years later, 18% were enrolled.

Overshadowing this achievement in the public mind is the rapid increase in the number of blacks on welfare, up from 1.3 million in 1960 to 4.8 million in 1971. Yet the percentage of blacks below the poverty line plunged from 48% to 29%. Thus blacks hardly be-

\*The Census Bureau statistics refer to "Negroes and other races." Since Negroes constitute 90% of this category, Wattenberg and Scammon believe that the figures are reliable.



came poorer during the decade. The needy simply sought public assistance in far greater numbers—and got it. Increased welfare rolls were an indication that society was showing more concern for the poor, not that the poor were growing in number. The appallingly high black crime rate also creates a false impression, say Wattenberg and Scammon. Most of the violent crime is committed in the slums that upwardly mobile blacks have deserted for better neighborhoods. Without the stabilizing influence of working families, ghettos tend to disintegrate. Unhappy as this situation is, it is part of the price paid for progress. Write the authors: "It would be merely demagogic to pretend that the progress of any group of people can be accomplished all at once and without class fragmentation."

Wattenberg and Scammon give American liberalism much of the credit for improvements in black life. "Something did indeed happen in the 1960s; the logjam broke—politically, socially, legally, economically, even spiritually—and there is no going back." They may understate the role of the decade's booming economy, which made life better for everyone. But they wisely take issue with the apocalyptic view of some liberals that life is inevitably becoming worse for blacks. As long as blacks are portrayed as "stereotyped examples of human misery and degradation," they write, whites will scarcely want to welcome them into their neighborhoods, places of work or hearts. "It makes eminent sense, on the other hand, to demand of white middle-class Americans that they extend a fair and equal chance to those who, like them, earned their way into the middle class, as well as to all those millions who stand ready to do so once given the chance."

## CRIME

## Murder City

One day last week in Detroit, a lawyer in a Hall of Justice courtroom inexplicably drew a gun and pointed it at the judge and a witness. The judge was not carrying the .38 caliber pistol that he usually packs, but three policemen in the courtroom drew their guns and killed the lawyer. A few minutes later, in a luggage shop in downtown Detroit, the owner and his clerk were discovered neatly trussed and executed, apparently in a robbery. A little after that, a prominent black psychiatrist was found dead in the trunk of his car. And still later that evening, police in the suburb of Roseville came across the bodies of a pair of young lovers in a car, victims of a murder-suicide.

Since Jan. 1, there have been 187 homicides in Detroit, 27% ahead of the rate last year in the city that normally revels in records. Last year Detroit (pop 1.5 million) had 601 homicides, or one for every 2,500 people. By contrast, Chicago, with twice as many people, had 711 murders, while London (pop 7.4 million) had only 113.

Why is Detroit such a center for bloodletting? Police Commissioner John Nichols believes that the widespread possession of handguns is a basic cause. He estimates that there are some 500,000 handguns around, or one for every three citizens of Detroit. Nichols is backed by the studies of Dr. Emanuel Tanay, a professor of psychiatry and law at Wayne State University, who says that "Detroit is almost like an experiment in testing the correlation between the presence of guns and homicide." Tanay notes that over a period of six years, the number of gun permits

tripled and the rate of homicides by firearms increased eightfold; in the same period, homicide by any other means rose by only 50%.

Police say that the surge in ownership of guns—most of them unregistered—started after blacks burned and sacked large parts of the city's ghetto areas in the 1967 riots. "It seemed like everybody went out and bought a gun," one officer recalls. Now that so many guns are handy, the argument over the kitchen table at 2 a.m., which might once have ended in a punch in the nose, has a good chance of ending with a bullet in the gut. The police log offers these samples: an argument in the Red Dog Bar, a disagreement in Cherry's Pool room, a quarrel over the whereabouts of the money from the welfare check, an argument over rent. Narcotics were involved in 10% to 12% of the homicides; most of the victims and the murderers were black; one-third of the crimes remain unsolved. The majority of the murders continue to be the work of friends or relatives of the victims. Of 111 homicides in February, 72 occurred inside the home. And guns are used about 60% of the time.

The high homicide rate is a cultural problem as well as a gun problem. Detroit's need for unskilled labor has brought in vast numbers of rural Southern blacks and increasing numbers of rural whites. Says Homicide Inspector John Domm: "The kids grow up in a culture of aggression, the poor and the black learn to get ahead by being aggressive. People who look for the police to solve this problem are looking in the wrong direction." Meanwhile, Dr. Tanay warns that the chances of getting murdered in a gun-laden society are so great that it is unwise ever to argue with a stranger during, say, a traffic mishap.

GUNSHOT VICTIM BEING TAKEN AWAY FROM DETROIT ROOFTOP PARKING LOT



## LOS ANGELES

## Play It Again, Sam?

An exception among American mayors, who often seem overwhelmed by urban woes, peripatetic Sam Yorty of Los Angeles is an indomitable booster who proclaims that "this city is the envy of the world." If Los Angeles has some troubles and tensions, the reason, as Mayor Sam never tires of explaining, is simply that his own powers are severely limited in comparison with those of the numerous commissions and boards in the area. Anti-Yorty jokes, aimed at the mayor's do-nothingness, are as common in Los Angeles as smog, traffic jams and starlets. Cracks Jesse Unruh, former Democratic Speaker of the California Assembly and recent contender for Yorty's job: "Thank God we have a mayor who doesn't meddle in civic affairs."

Last week Yorty, at 63, the runningest politician this side of Harold Stassen, came in second to City Councilman



## THE NATION

Thomas Bradley, 55, in Los Angeles' nonpartisan mayoral primary. The two will meet in a runoff May 29. Trailing behind Bradley's 36% and Yorty's 29% in the primary were Unruh, with 19%, and former Los Angeles Police Chief Thomas Reddin, with 13%.

To Angelenos, the Bradley-Yorty runoff seems like a late show rerun. In the primary four years ago, Bradley, who is black, topped Yorty by an even greater margin (39% to 26%), but Mayor Sam won the runoff—after a campaign in which he injected the racial issue. This time Yorty vows that race will not be an issue but adds quickly: "Of course, Bradley will get the black-bloc vote." It will take much more than that to win; blacks make up only 18% of the electorate.

More than any other candidate, Bradley has campaigned on the issues. By "down zoning" and developing a long-range growth plan, he hopes to limit the city's population to 4,000,000 (it is now approaching 3,000,000). He calls for the building of a rapid-transit rail system, free public transportation for people over 65, and the appointment of a city ombudsman to help cut bureaucratic red tape. Yorty is content with merely echoing that Los Angeles is the greatest, and that he is the man to keep it going and growing the way it has been. As an aide says: "There is a kind of comfort with Sam Yorty." But pre-primary polls showed that this year, in a two-man runoff, Bradley would win handily and that Yorty was the candidate whom the largest share of voters (33%) least preferred in the whole field. In the unpredictable world of Los Angeles politics, contradictions and surprises are commonplace, and it is anyone's guess who will emerge the winner in next month's runoff.



NUCLEAR STRATEGIST FRED C. IKLÉ

## DISARMAMENT

### New Thoughts on The Unthinkable

For three months the U.S. has gone without an official chief thinker of the unthinkable, the man who must ponder U.S. strategies for averting nuclear destruction. Gerard C. Smith resigned last January as director of the Arms Control and Disarmament Agency (ACDA) after negotiating the first round of the Strategic Arms Limitation Talks. The result was a treaty sharply limiting defensive anti-ballistic missile sites and an interim agreement freezing offensive missiles at roughly current levels for the next five years. To take Smith's place, President Nixon last week named Fred C. Iklé (pronounced ee-CLAY), 48, the author of three books on nuclear strategy and for the past six years head of the Rand Corporation's social science department. Swiss-born, Iklé emigrated to the U.S. in 1946, got his Ph.D. in sociology at the University of Chicago, and later taught political science at M.I.T.

Iklé will take charge of an agency that has been considerably diminished in scope and somewhat demoralized in purpose. Some Nixon advisers felt that Smith had been too soft with the Russians in the SALT talks; so did Washington Senator Henry Jackson, chairman of the Subcommittee on National Security and International Operations. Jackson criticized the fact that the U.S. had given the Soviets a 3-to-2 lead in ICBMs and permitted

them a 40% edge in missile-launching submarines, even if U.S. missiles were qualitatively superior. He proposed an amendment requiring any future treaty on offensive arms to provide qualitative and quantitative equality. It passed overwhelmingly in both the House and Senate.

Jackson also pressed the White House to reduce the role and stature of the ACDA in the second round of SALT talks, which began last month. Nixon did this by splitting Smith's former job in two. To handle the new talks with the Soviets, the President appointed U. Alexis Johnson, a career diplomat, tough negotiator and former Under Secretary of State. As director of the ACDA, Iklé will concentrate on research and planning arms strategy.

Something of a maverick nuclear technician, Iklé has specialized in the technical and political problems of arms control. He is credited with devising the "permissive action link," a top-secret device for making it physically impossible to arm a nuclear weapon without a release signal from a remote authorizing source. He questions what he calls the "obsolete dogmas" of U.S. nuclear strategy, specifically the idea that the U.S. missile forces must stand ready to be launched at a moment's notice from land or sea, and be capable of destroying much of the Soviet population. Instead of maintaining a vulnerable arsenal of nuclear weapons that can be instantly triggered, he says, the U.S. should develop weapons that would be totally invulnerable. Even if they were buried so deep in the ground that they could not be quickly launched, their invulnerability would serve as the ultimate deterrent to surprise attack.

## FOREIGN RELATIONS

### Diplomat Thieu

When South Viet Nam President Nguyen Van Thieu arrived at San Clemente, Calif., last week, he was warmly greeted with VIP pomp and red-carpet ceremony, including a 21-gun salute. He and President Nixon traded speeches and smiles as 500 Nixon neighbors cheered and waved miniature South Vietnamese and American flags supplied by White House aides. After a two-day meeting with the President, Thieu and his 70 aides and bodyguards flew to Washington, where he embarked on an even more elaborate round of events. A formal dinner with Vice President Agnew as host was only one of a series of black-tie affairs. Thieu also made a ceremonial visit to the Tomb of the Unknown Soldier. The purpose of his trip to the U.S., Thieu said, was "to express thanks to the American people" for their sacrifices in the Viet Nam War.

Thieu did well during his stay, and his calm self-confidence made some points that enhanced his image both in the U.S. and back home. But in



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FLOODWATERS FROM THE MISSISSIPPI RIVER COVER WEST ALTON, MO., 17 MILES NORTH OF ST. LOUIS

terms of political and economic commitment from the U.S., he may have got something less than what he had hoped for. A communiqué issued after his talks with Nixon said that the two men had reached "full consensus," which in diplomatic language means less than "full agreement."

To Thieu's displeasure, Nixon gently told him that he considers both sides responsible for the cease-fire violations. Nixon also urged Thieu to move faster in the Paris talks toward setting up free elections and reconciling with the Viet Cong. For his part, Thieu left the impression that he will not be willing to share power with the Communists. His aides privately acknowledged that Thieu wants no political settlement at least for the next year.

Both Thieu and Nixon agreed that the U.S. should continue bombing Communist forces in Cambodia as long as they continue to reject a cease-fire. Worried about advances that they have made there, Nixon dispatched General Alexander Haig Jr., Army Vice Chief of Staff, to Cambodia. Haig will also go to Laos, Thailand and South Viet Nam to make what the White House calls "a general assessment of the situation." Thieu pressed Nixon to assure him that in case of a major Communist attack against South Viet Nam there would be an American reaction. Nixon gave a general assurance that if he deemed the offensive large enough, he would authorize use of American bombers against supply lines and troop deployments.

Instead of agreeing to the \$1 billion annually in U.S. economic aid that Thieu had sought, Nixon said that he would ask Congress for about \$700 million for the fiscal year beginning in July. Thieu predicted that by 1980 the level

of aid could drop to \$100 million a year. By then, he hopes that his country will be on its way to doing as well economically as Taiwan and South Korea.

Recognizing that Congress will have to approve economic or military aid to Viet Nam, Thieu behaved like a good statesman in Washington, and he favorably impressed Congressmen. "A very able man," observed House Speaker Carl Albert. "Soft-spoken, but obviously with a lot of steel to him." At a packed meeting of the National Press Club, where he was presented with a cake in celebration of his 50th birthday, Thieu declared that the South Vietnamese army is now strong enough to defend the country without help. Then he said: "I can assure you one thing. Never, never will I ask again American military troops to come back to Viet Nam."

## DISASTERS

### The Swollen Giant

Throughout March the watershed states of the Mississippi River system received as much as three times their average rainfall. There were no spectacular storms—just day after day of precipitation, until the earth, already saturated by abnormally heavy winter rains and early spring thaws, could absorb no more. "We were one-inched to death," explained Allen Pearson, director of the National Severe Storm Forecast Center. The runoff gradually distended the Mississippi's major tributaries—in particular the Ohio, Illinois, Wisconsin and lower Missouri—until they jumped their banks last week.

With that, the Mississippi itself became a sullen, swollen giant, toppling levees, inundating homes and farm

lands and roaring through diversionary dikes. In St. Louis the river peaked at 39.8 ft.—its highest level since 1951.

Last week's flood ranked as one of the river's great disasters. It caused the death of 19 Mississippi Valley residents, destroyed an estimated \$150 million worth of property and covered 7,000,000 acres—an area slightly larger than Maryland. President Nixon ordered the Coast Guard Reserve to help with rescue and evacuation—the first time it has been mobilized in peacetime. Everywhere, the battle was being waged with rowboats, shovels and sand. On Kaskaskia Island, smack in the middle of the Mississippi 75 miles south of St. Louis, college students teamed with inmates from nearby Illinois' Menard state prison to shore up levees and prevent the historic site—Illinois' first state capital—from being immersed. The bridge linking the island to St. Marys, Mo., lay six feet under water.

As the Mississippi's highest waters bore down on Memphis and points south, the levee system was holding up well, but the danger remained. "What concerns us," said a spokesman for the Army Corps of Engineers in Vicksburg, Miss., "is that this is a long, slow crest. The odds against being spared heavy April rains go up every day. We are hoping that we can get through the next couple of weeks without a big downpour." That hope seemed dashed early last weekend as rains began to pelt parts of the lower river valley and flash flood warnings went out for the entire state of Mississippi, but the rains mercifully let up, the warnings were canceled and riverbank residents returned to their normal activities—which include watching the river. As one Mississippiian said, "Dat Ole Man sure ain't behavin' good—he's cutting up."



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## CAMBODIA

## Phnom-Penh Under Siege

AT the time of the cease-fire in Viet Nam, U.S. officials expected a *de facto* cease-fire in neighboring Cambodia toward the end of March. By last week, however, those hopes were long dead, and U.S. bombers were flying some of the heaviest raids of the war.

Phnom-Penh, the Cambodian capital, lay encircled by Communist forces. All five highways leading to the city were under siege, and three outposts along the road to the provincial capital of Takeo had been lost. More important, the Communists had severed, for the moment at least, the vital Mekong River supply route from South Viet Nam. A convoy of about a dozen ships, already ten days overdue in the Cambodian capital, was delayed in the Vietnamese port of Vung Tau while the Cambodian armed forces and U.S. bombers tried to clear the riverbanks of enemy rocket launchers.

In Phnom-Penh, residents were urged to cut down on their use of petroleum; the city was said to have only a three-day supply of gasoline on hand for private transport. To make matters worse, a fire destroyed one of Phnom-Penh's two electricity generators, blacking out half of the city and stalling the whirling fans and air conditioners in the midst of scorching 95° heat. If the harassing Communist blockade could not be broken, U.S. officials said, food, fuel and ammunition would have to be brought in by a U.S. airlift.

"Windows rattled, and the whole capital literally shook last night as bombs fell on Communist emplacements to the southeast along the Mekong River," TIME Correspondent Gavin Scott reported from Phnom-Penh. "Sleepless residents of the Le Phnom Hotel moved to rooms on the north side in search of peace and quiet. One marveled, 'This must be the only hotel in the world where you have to change your room because of B-52 raids.'"

Night after night, hundreds of B-52s and fighter-bombers from Guam and Thailand streaked across Cambodia to drop their enormous loads (up to 3,000 tons every 24 hours), sometimes striking to within 14 miles of the capital. The effectiveness of this massive effort could not be judged, since U.S. announcements have been deliberately vague, and Western journalists are unable to venture

far enough from the capital these days to inspect the damaged areas.

Aside from the question of the raids' effectiveness, there was also considerable debate as to whether the bombing violated U.S. law. In contrast to Viet Nam, Cambodia is not a member of SEATO and has no defense treaty with the U.S. Lyndon Johnson used to cite the Tonkin Gulf Resolution as his authority to wage war in Indochina, but Congress repealed that resolution in 1971. Indeed, after the "incursion" of 1970, Congress specifically barred the use of U.S. combat forces in Cambodia. The final justification—that U.S. air raids defended American troops in Viet Nam—vanished when the last U.S. forces left Viet Nam two weeks ago. "Does the President assert—as kings of old—that as Commander in Chief he can order American forces anywhere for any purpose that suits him?" Senator J. William Fulbright demanded.

Just about. In the face of harsh congressional criticism, the Administration assigned a task force to find a legal basis for its strategy and finally argued that the bombing was merely a continuation of existing policy. "If the President had the authority to pursue the cease-fire agreements," Defense Secre-

tary Elliot Richardson declared before a House subcommittee last week, "he has the authority to secure adherence for those agreements." The agreements call for "an end to all military activities in Cambodia and Laos," so if the Communists go on fighting, the U.S. can go on bombing. What it all amounted to, Richardson added, was a "winding up of a residual aspect of the war in which we have been engaged."

The intensive bombing campaign is also a measure of Washington's concern for the survival of the government of President Lon Nol, who is still partially paralyzed from a stroke two years ago. After a mysterious bombing of the palace grounds by a disaffected pilot last month, Lon Nol declared a "state of danger" and assumed full dictatorial powers, which did little to increase his popularity among war-weary Cambodians. U.S. officials argued that Lon Nol should get rid of his younger brother, Lon Non, who had become the regime's unofficial strongman. Last week Lon Nol bowed to pressure and accepted his brother's resignation, but the gesture means little, since Lon Non is expected to stay on as the ailing President's closest adviser.

From the U.S. point of view, the terms of the Paris agreement on Viet Nam make it extremely important that the Phnom-Penh government be saved from collapse. The danger is that if most of Cambodia should fall to the Communists, the North Vietnamese and their allies would be able to transport military reinforcements to Cambodia by sea, thereby substantially reducing their reliance on the Ho Chi Minh Trail. They would be able to claim that they were observing the letter of the Viet Nam and Laos cease-fire agreements, even as they built up immense military pressure on South Viet Nam.

CAMBODIA'S PRESIDENT LON NOL



MOTHER CARING FOR WOUNDED CHILD



## SOUTH VIET NAM

## Non-Policing a Non-Truce

**I**F the fighting refuses to die down in Cambodia, it threatens to flare up with pre-Paris vigor in South Viet Nam. Despite the elaborate peace-keeping machinery and the tough talk from Washington, the skirmishing throughout the South last week surged to the highest level since the days immediately following the January cease-fire.

At one South Vietnamese government outpost near the Cambodian border, Tong Le Chan, some 400 ARVN troops were surrounded by an entire Communist regiment, and large-scale fighting there seemed to be imminent. Some intelligence experts predict a general surge of Communist military activity later this month.

Up to this point, in any case, the machinery designed to supervise the truce has proved remarkably ineffective. All told, the Communists and the Thieu regime have charged more than 90,000 truce violations, ranging from isolated shellings to battalion-level battles. Yet the vaunted International Commission of Control and Supervision (ICCS), with its 1,160 neutral observers, its 42 local offices throughout South Viet Nam and its fleet of black-and-silver planes, has managed to complete investigations and file final reports on only six truce violations. At week's end, two helicopters carrying eleven ICCS members were reported missing in Northern Quang Tri province; one of the choppers was believed to have been hit by ground fire.

The very presence of the ICCS in Viet Nam is crucial.

If the truce-observing machinery were to break up, the whole Paris agreement—and all hopes of a genuine peace—could unravel quickly. There are two reasons why that vital machinery has turned out to be impotent. The main problem is that, largely because of North Vietnamese opposition, the Paris accord did not set up an above-the-battle "standing authority" to which the ICCS can report. Instead, the ICCS is responsible mainly to the two-party Joint Military Commission, whose warring Communist and Thieu-regime delegates are not likely ever to agree on what ought to be done about truce violations.

The other problem lies within the ICCS itself. Given the natural divisions between the Canadians and Indonesians, who generally try to maintain a professionally neutral posture despite their Western sponsorship, and the Poles and Hungarians, who invariably favor the Communist side, nearly all

ICCS teams suffer a built-in paralysis. TIME Correspondent Barry Hillenbrand visited one ICCS team last week in Tri Ton, a small town in the Mekong Delta. His report

"Oh, yes, we know that the Communists are up there," the South Vietnamese major said cheerfully as he pointed to a nearby mountain. "But, unfortunately, G-2 doesn't know exactly where they are. If they did, we'd call in an air strike."

The major casually explained all this while standing on the front porch of the ICCS headquarters in Tri Ton. Inside the broken-down building, the two-

along the delta was hit by a Viet Cong rocket. The Polish delegate reported that "it is possible that during a low tide the boat had seated itself on the explosive device lying on the bottom of a canal, thus causing the boat to sink."

One day last week, the team at Tri Ton did reach unanimity. While investigating another incident, the observers heard an artillery round whiz overhead. It came from the ARVN artillery base and landed in Communist-controlled territory. The team's report, filed to the ICCS regional office in Can Tho, said that the round was a clear violation. It was a minor triumph for the team—but, of course, it did not stop the ARVN troops from firing at will into the hills.

For the most part the life of the ICCS team at Tri Ton is a steady stream of hot, humid days inadequately filled with reading, eating and tedious paper work.

A Vietnamese staff of 42 (including twelve guards and numerous cooks and maids) does most of the menial tasks. "We are not accustomed to servants in our country," says one of the Eastern Europeans, "but we can get used to this." He smiles as one of the Vietnamese servant girls pads by in black satin pajamas.

For diversion, Tri Ton offers an interesting pagoda, a few colorful tombs and a lively market. The nearest restaurant is two hours away by car. The truce inspectors seldom leave their compound, however, except on business. They eat mediocre American-style food—provided under a contract by an American company—play Ping Pong and stage parties for each other.

Evenings bring a slight cooling and a certain degree of formality. The Poles, who spend the day in swimming



ICCS MEMBERS AT QUANG TRI

man teams busied themselves with a variety of midday tasks: sleeping, reading and showing a visitor around.

Unfortunately, there is nothing very extraordinary about an ARVN officer talking about air strikes within earshot of the men who are supposed to be overseeing the peace in Viet Nam. They are fully aware that the war continues.

One Communist mortar shell recently dropped right into a new compound being prepared for the ICCS, killing one workman and injuring three others. "We really were not in great danger," said one of the Canadians, "because the Communists knew every inch of this ground. If they had wanted to hit us, they could have. I think they were simply trying to frighten us away."

The Paris accord insists that all official ICCS reports be unanimous, but the Polish and Hungarian observers on the commission are not always in the mood for unanimity. When a boat steaming

shorts or underwear, change into their baggy uniforms and hunt-and-peck on the typewriters, turning out reports to be packeted to Can Tho. The Hungarians, who sport smart blue athletic shorts and white V-necked T-shirts by day, slip on long pants and also work on reports. The Indonesians, accustomed to the daytime heat, spend all their time in full uniform. And the Canadians, who have no uniform of the day, stroll about in shorts at night.

Manfred von Nostitz, a 31-year-old Foreign Service officer who heads Canada's delegation in the lower part of the delta, is mildly boggled by the absurdity of his role. Says he: "We report on incidents to the two parties to the Vietnamese conflict, who know all too well what's happening in the first place." The Canadians have reluctantly agreed to stay on another couple of months, but they will argue for a pullout if there is no genuine peace in sight by then.



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AMBASSADOR MARTIN

## Changing the Guard

The newly appointed U.S. Ambassador to Saigon rather resembles his predecessor—tall, spare, white-haired, with a patrician bearing that exudes authority. There the resemblance ends. While the retiring Ellsworth Bunker has a genial courtliness that enables him to get along with almost anyone, Graham Martin is aloof, tough and taciturn—so much so that he has alienated many people. Nonetheless, both friends and critics agree that Martin is well suited for the hard job ahead of him.

Martin's strongest assets are his acutely sensitive political antennae, which can detect and analyze the most byzantine political situations, and an iron determination to see Government policy carried out regardless of anyone's hurt feelings. Martin, now 60, first learned his political skills while working as a Washington columnist for a number of newspapers in his native South, and then as an official in Franklin Roosevelt's National Recovery Administration. Appointed to the Paris embassy after World War II, he became so adroit in finding and exploiting sources of power that he acquired a nickname that still follows him: "Cardinal Richelieu."

To his various staffs, however, Martin may often have appeared more like a Prussian general. As Ambassador to Thailand and later to Rome, he worked prodigious hours and expected his staff to do the same. He had a habit of waking up in the middle of the night, struck by a thought or insight, and drafting a cable by his bedside or calling up one of his assistants to discuss the matter. "He even dreams diplomacy and power plays," says one associate. For relaxation, he once tried golf but shortly gave it up; he tried swimming and dropped that too.

In his tireless dedication to his assignments, Martin has not hesitated to challenge other officials' views. A typical cable from Thailand would begin: "While Ambassador X may see the situation in his area in his own way, the realities indicate . . ."

Martin even took on Lyndon Johnson's Defense Secretary, Robert McNamara, attacking McNamara's plan to slash military aid to Thailand and shift it to Viet Nam. Martin's persistent arguments eventually won Johnson over to his side. Martin subsequently negotiated the use of Thai bases by the U.S. Air Force, now the largest American military presence in Southeast Asia.

Martin's adopted son Glenn was killed in a helicopter crash in Viet Nam, and the ambassador has an intense interest in the area. He strongly favored resisting the Communists in Viet Nam but long opposed the use of U.S. ground forces there. During his recent tour in Rome, he was reported to be spending much of his time writing position papers on Viet Nam's future after the U.S. withdrawal, but he characteristically turned aside questions on these projects by saying, "You really wouldn't want to ask about that."

How Martin will carry out his own strategies remains to be seen, of course, but the Saigon government apparently welcomes him. "Oh, he's going to be great," said one confidant of President Nguyen Van Thieu. "Martin is a hawk, you know." Perhaps the aide forgot that Cardinal Richelieu is remembered not for open fighting but for his skill in maneuvering others to work his will.

## FRANCE

### Vive l'Effervescence!

The April wind blew harshly and rain pelted down, but Paris' unruly students turned out by the scores of thousands last week to renew their protest march against the government. DEBRE, YOU BRIED THE WEATHER BUREAU, said one slogan. MAMA, MAMA, YOUR SON IS IN THE STREETS, said another. And again: DEBRE, YOU BASTARD, THE PEOPLE WILL HAVE YOUR HIDE.

The specific target of their wrath was Defense Minister Michel Debré,

whose new draft law ended student deferments for anyone over 21. The police reacted sternly to the protest, in some cases clubbing down the students, but the next day, not entirely by coincidence, Debré let it be known that he would not be a member of President Georges Pompidou's new Cabinet. The same day, it was announced that the controversial *Loi Debré* would be reconsidered.

It was thus with a tone of reconciliation, clearly influenced by the Gaullists' decline in the March elections, that Pompidou addressed the new National Assembly last week. Repeating a Gaullist promise of "bold reform," he conceded that France's recent prosperity "does not abolish, sometimes even accentuates, shocking inequalities."

The new Cabinet that Premier Pierre Messmer announced later in the week also suggested that Pompidou may yet make the "opening" to the political center that he has frequently promised but never quite delivered

## PARIS DEMONSTRATORS & THEIR TARGET



INJURED DRAFT LAW PROTESTER

## THE WORLD

since he came to power in 1969. The Cabinet suggested even more strongly an assertion of Pompidou's personal authority. Of the 22 members of the new government, five are making their first appearance in any French Cabinet, and fully half of the rest seem to be loyal, committed Pompidouians first and Gaullists second.

**No Easy End.** The greatest surprise in the new Cabinet was small, balding Michel Jobert, 51, named Foreign Minister to replace Maurice Schumann, who had been defeated in the general election. A discreet but demanding and sometimes caustic former civil servant, little known to the public, Jobert joined Pompidou's personal staff ten years ago. At the Elysée Palace, he has functioned as Pompidou's Ehrlichman, Haldeman and Kissinger. Jobert, who has an American wife and a son in the American School of Paris, won himself many friends in Washington by helping with the difficult arrangements for the secret talks on Viet Nam. Though he now moves out of the shadows of the Elysée to the Quai d'Orsay, he remains Pompidou's man, carrying out Pompidou's foreign policy.

It is as yet unclear how Pompidou's new government will deal with France's continuing social unrest. There is no sign of an easy end to the ominous labor-government confrontation at the Paris Renault plant, where 7,000 employees have been locked out since 400 mostly foreign assembly-line workers began a strike for better pay and working conditions three weeks ago. Meantime, students are being actively recruited for a series of parades throughout this month, which Communist Labor Leader Georges Seguy promises will fully reflect what he calls "the general effervescence" in post-Gaullist France.

## The Château Besieged

*Vengeance gives strength to our arms.*

Motto of the Barons de Portal

The château itself, looming against the skies of Languedoc, looks like the scene of a Gothic melodrama. Turkeys roost on the veranda, and assorted dogs and cats prowl the courtyard where lilacs bloom. In an unburied coffin lies the late Baron Léonce de Portal, whose family title dates back seven centuries. The new baron, Jean-Louis de Portal, has been holding off the police at rifle point for more than six weeks.

The old baron was born here during *la Belle Epoque*, and grew up on this 314-acre estate in Saint-Nauphary, in southwestern France. The flourishing vineyards produced excellent wines, named for the estate, *La Fumade*. The baron married, had a son, and lived a life of rural gentility, trying none too skillfully to manage his estate, getting through the lean years with loans added to the mortgage. By the end of World War II, the baron's fortunes were as dilapidated as his estate; his wife and son were dead, the vineyards diseased. Then, in 1950, at the age of 66, the baron discovered and married an attractive young Polish woman, Anna Niepokulowska. She soon bore him a son, and then a daughter, Marie-Agnès.

His new wife also took charge of the chaotic household finances and began checking on the baron's various bills, some of which he had accepted without verifying. She suspected that neighboring tradesmen had been cheating the unwary baron. Her accusations met with indignation among the townspeople, who had mistrusted her from the first—a foreigner, a Catholic in a

largely Protestant area, and, worst of all, a former domestic servant. The baroness responded by taking a number of disputed bills to court.

Litigation dragged through the years, and the family struggled on. The old baron suffered a paralyzing stroke ten years ago; the baroness continued trying to manage the estate. Then a local merchant who had long sold grain and seed and rented farm machinery to the De Portals presented a bill for \$14,000. The family charged that it was a fraud. Before the matter could be resolved, a judge ordered the estate sold at auction. Though it was worth an estimated \$330,000, a farmer named Louis Rivière made the high bid of \$88,000, and the outstanding mortgages meant there would be nothing left for the De Portals.

**Threats.** When Rivière tried to take over his property, the baroness met him at the door and threatened to kill him. Rivière filed charges against the baroness, who was sentenced to four months in jail. Rivière again tried to take over, but the young baron took a pot shot at him and warned him away. In late February Rivière got the police to accompany him to the château, but when they tried to enter, Marie-Agnès shouted: "Not another step. My brother is armed. We will fire on you and commit suicide." A few minutes later the baroness returned from an errand in the village, got into a loud argument with the police, and was hauled off to jail. "Do not surrender!" she cried to the children as she was led away.

And so the siege began. Jean-Louis, by now 21, would let nobody approach the house except the mailman, the baker, a social worker and a doctor who came to treat the bedridden old baron. Two weeks ago the baron finally died, at 89, but the children refused to bury the body until their mother returned.

The authorities agreed to drop all charges against the baroness, and they even provided a coffin for her husband. Then new problems kept arising. Grave diggers who came to prepare the baron's final resting place were driven off by a swarm of bees.

At last report the gendarmes were still circling the château, the armed children were standing guard, and the baroness was shouting from the upper windows threats of new lawsuits against all who had wronged the noble house of De Portal.

JEAN-LOUIS, MARIE-AGNÈS AND PETS IN THEIR ANCESTRAL MANSION



## IMAGES

### Know Thyself

Now that the Common Market is a booming reality, it is customary to speak of a species of New European. It is no less customary to observe that the old nationalism still survives. What do the various Europeans really think of each other? To find out, a London and Brussels market-research expert named Vic-

tor Selwyn organized a detailed questioning of 185 selected business executives, lawyers and other professionals. The results, included in the new *Guide to National Practices in Western Europe*, produced some familiar stereotypes and some surprises.

► The Germans rated themselves highly on tolerance; nobody else did. The Germans also rated themselves highly fashionable; nobody else did.

► The French rated themselves chauvinistic, brilliant but superficial, and high livers. Others rated them in about the same way.

► Everyone thought the British had an admirable sense of humor. Indeed, there was more unanimity on this than on any other trait.

► Nobody judged the Italians to be trustworthy—not even the Italians themselves.

► The Swiss rated themselves very highly for trustworthiness and thrift; the others rated them cold and miserly.

► The people most admired by Italians were the French; the French admired the British; the British admired the Dutch. Indeed the Dutch were the most generally admired people in Europe, praised by everyone except the Belgians—their closest neighbors. The Belgians, in turn, were the least admired people, rated as undisciplined, narrow and, for good measure, bad drivers.

What is the practical point of all this? Says Selwyn: "Unless [outsider] businessmen can come to understand fully Continental attitudes and customs, they will be at a grave disadvantage." Specifically, he suggests, hire Dutch salesmen, but beware of Italian accountants or Belgian chauffeurs.

## INVESTIGATIONS

### Immoral but Inevitable

Americans visiting Paris or Rome this spring have been a bit surprised to discover that most Europeans do not seem particularly interested in—let alone shocked by—the Watergate scandal. "They think wiretapping is immoral but inevitable," says a French journalist. It may also be, however, that Europeans are more intrigued by a spate of stories about illegal bugging closer to home. Items:

► In Italy 25 private detectives and telephone company employees have been arrested so far in a widening scandal involving the tapping of perhaps 1,000 telephone lines in Rome, including those of politicians, businessmen and call girls.

► In France the left-wing weekly *Nouvel Observateur* charged recently that at least 1,500 Parisians "are being listened to by the police, espionage and counterespionage services." The government has not bothered to deny the *Observateur's* accusation.

► In Britain the editor of the *Railway Gazette*, Richard Hope, was sus-

pected of passing on to the London *Times* a secret government report that revealed plans to phase out 60% of the present railway system. Hope soon discovered that both his home and office phones had been tapped, and it was only when he publicized the taps that the government announced that it was dropping the investigation.

The current furor in Italy derives from a complaint by a Roman journalist last fall that his telephone was being tapped. A crusading investigator named Luciano Infelisi, 33, who works for the Rome Magistrature as a sort of district attorney, decided to check further. With two aides, he equipped an unmarked van with a pair of antennas and it toured the center of Rome, trying to pick up the signals of transmitters hidden in phones or cables. Eventually the investigators



INVESTIGATOR LUCIANO INFELISI

The disclosures have obviously made a lot of people nervous.

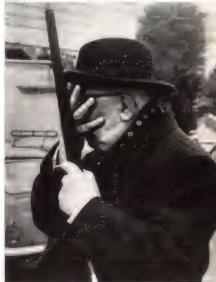
concluded that hundreds of lines were being tapped, including those of the Bank of Italy, the Communist Party, various newspapers and companies, the Knights of Malta legation to the Vatican and Actress Silvana Mangano.

Investigators discovered that the Interior Ministry alone had bought "several hundred" bugging devices since 1969, but their search concentrated primarily on private detectives. When one of them was found to have two micro-transmitters in his office, the head of the Italian detectives association, Pier Davide Tavazzi, called a press conference to denounce the culprit for damaging the good name of the profession. Last week Tavazzi himself was implicated in a tapping case and was hauled off to Milan's San Vittore Prison.

So far, Infelisi and a growing number of other investigators have failed to net any really big fish, but they have obviously made a lot of people nervous. Last week two masked men broke into Infelisi's apartment and told a maid: "It

was the little girl we were after." Luckily, Infelisi and his wife had taken their infant daughter for a walk. But at last the government is tightening its laws against bugging. According to a draft put before the Cabinet last week, sentences will be increased drastically—from as little as 15 days in jail at present to three years' imprisonment.

Italians are presumably no more vulnerable to bugging than are other Europeans. The French National Assembly passed a law forbidding all phone tapping three years ago, but, as *Nouvel Observateur* notes, "nothing has changed since the law was passed." The government goes right on bugging, with the help of some of the equipment that the Gestapo left behind in 1944. Not only do the authorities tap the phones of specific suspects, but there are per-



MALTA KNIGHTS' ENVOY AFTER TESTIFYING

The disclosures have obviously made a lot of people nervous.

manent taps even on public phone booths in cafés near major ministerial offices. Tapping is limited, according to one expert, only by a "shortage of funds for employing enough personnel to type up the taped conversations, and, above all, to know what should be typed."

The West Germans, ever mindful of the shadow of the Gestapo, have particularly strict laws governing official wiretapping, and there have been no bugging scandals for a long time. But few observers doubt that in a country that shelters the largest number of foreign agents in Europe, a formidable amount of illegal wiretapping goes on. Curiously enough, all kinds of spying devices are legally on sale in West Germany, but they cannot legally be used or even tested. Some manufacturers protect themselves by labeling their products "for export only."

Of Europe's major countries, Britain offers its citizens the least legal protection against wiretapping and yet is probably the least afflicted by it. As a

## THE WORLD

Royal committee on privacy concluded last year, the British still remain largely free of the suspicion that there is a Big Brother somewhere listening in. When a newspaper reported that 1,250 telephones in Britain were legally bugged, the Home Office dismissed the estimate as "ludicrously high."

The Briton's endearing assumption that gentlemen do not tap each other's telephones is, naturally, the despair of merchants like Mr. X, who sells all sorts of bugging gadgets to overseas clients. "I find it horrifying," he says, "that we are in the Common Market with the Germans, the French and the Italians, who know all about this equipment and don't feel too many moral qualms about using it." There are probably no more than 20 British companies, he laments, that even bother to "sweep" their board rooms for bugs that have been planted by their competitors. "Britain is virgin territory," he concludes, "and it had better wake up!" No doubt, it will

## THE PHILIPPINES

### Learning How to Fight

Jet planes scar the countryside with napalm and fragmentation bombs. Warships and artillery bombard areas suspected of harboring guerrillas. Infantrymen burn huts. As villages and crops are destroyed, hundreds of thousands of citizens are left homeless and hungry. Meanwhile, the guerrillas grow stronger and bolder. Hit-and-run harassment has escalated to well-organized offensives. Last week the army lost 28 men as it broke a week-long siege of a town housing two beleaguered companies of constabulary troops.

It all sounds a little like Viet Nam. In fact, the intensifying conflict between the Philippine government and Moslem insurgents in the southern Philippines is notably different in at least one respect: no foreign power is yet directly involved on either side. Though the U.S.

traditionally supplies arms to the Philippines, it has not increased its aid because of the rebellion. As for the insurgents, there is some evidence that their weapons are smuggled in by speedboats from the Malaysian state of Sabah (see map page 37), and that faraway Libya stands ready to finance fellow Moslems. But there has been no overt intervention, so far, on their behalf.

Nevertheless, the Philippine conflict threatens to replace Viet Nam as Asia's ugliest war. Casualty figures are unreliable, but each side claims to be killing its enemies at a rate of up to 100 a week. Other kinds of casualties may well run higher. "My husband was a farmer," says Mrs. Alayna Sosokan. "The soldiers told him to lie on his stomach, and then they shot him, along with four other men. Then the homes were burned." Army officers, for their part, tell gruesome tales of soldiers being mutilated by the guerrillas.

Ironically, President Ferdinand

## The Rebels: "I Learned It from the Movies"

Though the government-controlled Philippine press reports little about the worsening war with Moslem guerrillas, military leaders speak freely with foreign correspondents. The rebels are more elusive. TIME Correspondent David Aikman made contact with a band of them last week on Basilan Island. His report:

**A**CCOMPANIED by an intermediary—a civilian Moslem who sympathizes with the rebel soldiers—I set out from Basilan City in a motorized outrigger called a pump boat. We rode through the tranquil coastal waters for 30 minutes, then turned into a narrow creek canopied with palm fronds. It was another 30 minutes before we reached the rendezvous point—a lonely clearing on a coconut plantation.

The rebels wandered in slowly, a dozen of them, rifles swinging from their shoulders like coolie poles. Some had British-made grenades slung from their belts. All were barefoot, but a few wore red headbands that lent their otherwise raggle-taggle appearance a sort of rakish ferocity. Their leader—a slight young man with a goatee and darting eyes—identified himself as Usham Ambihal, 28, a former coconut-farm laborer.

Ambihal did most of the talking, but the others chimed in from time to time. They seemed almost completely ig-

norant of the campaigns of Moslem insurgents on other islands in the region, but they conveyed a sense of desperate frustration and determination about their own situation.

"We have been fighting for some four months, and we are willing to go on fighting for years if it takes that," said Ambihal. "We are fighting because we cannot get land and because if we

surrender our arms, the government troops and the Ilagas [Christian vigilantes] will kill us all. We have already lost lives and property, and the government should be made to pay us back for this. But an amicable settlement is impossible now. We cannot trust the government. At the beginning, we didn't seek independence. But now we feel it is our only choice."

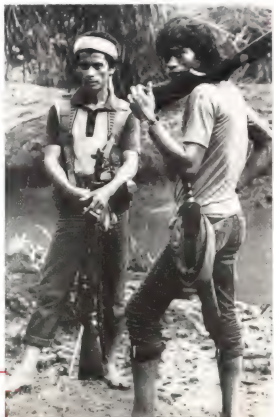
I asked how Ambihal's men obtained their weapons and whether they were being helped by any foreigners.

"You are the first foreigner we have seen," Ambihal replied. He had bought his own rifle, he added, from somebody connected with the Philippine army. It had cost him 3,000 pesos (\$450), the equivalent of more than two years' wages.

None of his band had received any formal training for combat, Ambihal said, "I instruct the men myself," he explained. "I learned it from the movies." The others guffawed. "It is hard to fight planes though," Ambihal added earnestly. "We are short of many things to fight with, and we will accept help from anyone."

When we made our way slowly back down the winding creek to the sea, we found a guard posted at the mouth of the stream. "How long have you been fighting the government?" I asked. "Seven years," he answered. "I killed a government officer who tried to take away the land I was squatting on." As our boat moved away, he faded into the idyllic setting of blue waters, golden shores and swaying coconut trees.

INSURGENT AMBIHAL (LEFT) & FELLOW REBEL





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Marcos hardly mentioned the Moslem insurgency when he proclaimed martial law throughout the Philippines last September. The major reason he cited then was the insurrection of a group of Maoist rebels in the far north. Now, all is relatively quiet on the northern front. Meanwhile, Marcos has had to pour some 13,000 troops into the southern islands (specifically, Mindanao and the Sulu group). As a result, the rest of his 70,000-man armed forces are stretched exceedingly thin.

Following the spread of Islam throughout Southeast Asia, Moslems dominated the southern Philippines for five centuries. They successfully defended their culture against the Spaniards who conquered the rest of the Philippines and against the Americans who replaced them. A Moslem decline began in 1938, when Commonwealth President Manuel Quezon proclaimed Mindanao the "land of opportunity," and Christian Filipinos from the crowded north started moving in. Better educated, the Christians gained control of Moslem land and of the region's economy. They also practiced religious discrimination in employment and education. Though the Moslems number more than 2,000,000, they now represent only about one-third of the region's total population.

Disputes over land ownership—some of them caused by opportunistic Moslems who sold the same piece of property to different people—finally erupted into sectarian violence in late 1969. Christian immigrants formed quasi-vigilante groups called *ilagas* (frats) to ward off Moslems who were trying to seize land. The Moslems formed terrorist gangs known as *Baracudas* and *Blackshirts*. As the communal violence spread, young Moslem intellectuals began to oppose not only the Christian settlers and the government but even their own elderly Moslem leaders, whom they accused of corruption. The young dissidents preached secession.

The militants did not get far, though, until Marcos made a mistake last September: he included Mindanao

in the martial law decree prohibiting the possession of firearms. To the Filipino Moslems, who regard guns as their most prized possessions, it was a direct threat. With a speed and solidarity that took the Philippine authorities by surprise, hundreds of hitherto law-abiding Moslems took to the hills. Since then, the hundreds have grown into thousands. Moslem insurgents are now estimated to number 13,500 in eastern Mindanao and 6,000 in the Sulu islands, chiefly Basilan and Jolo.

**Impressive.** Though their leadership varies, the best-trained and best-equipped groups seem to be under the command of well-educated militants in their late 20s. Knowledge of the hilly terrain helps make the Moslem rebels impressive foes. "These people are better fighters than the Viet Cong," says a Filipino colonel who spent 13 months in Viet Nam. "This is the cream of the Philippine army down here and they are teaching us how to fight."

Apparently recognizing his difficult situation, President Marcos has lately been attempting conciliation along with military force. He acknowledged last month that the largely impoverished Moslems have legitimate grievances and promised them a larger share in his so-called "new society." "We must give the Moslems what they are entitled to—a share not only in government but also in the rewards of our progress." To that end, Marcos pledged more opportunities for young Moslems to study at universities and to enter the Christian-dominated Philippine Military Academy. Last week he also dispatched an engineering battalion to Mindanao to work on electrification projects in Moslem communities. But such gestures may be too little, too late. In guerrilla wars, they often are.

## GHANA

### The Burdens of Debt

Ever since the 1966 overthrow of Ghana's President and self-styled *Osagyefo* (Redeemer), the late Kwame Nkrumah, his once prosperous country has borne the burden of the \$1 billion in foreign debts that Nkrumah left behind. When a group of army officers under Colonel Ignatius Kutu Acheampong seized power last year, they decided to solve the problem by repudiating a \$94 million obligation to Britain (on the grounds that it had been incurred through corruption) and by declaring an indefinite moratorium on much of the remaining debt. A few months later, Acheampong proclaimed Ghanaian control over "the commanding heights of the economy" and nationalized 55% of the country's foreign-owned gold, diamond and timber operations.

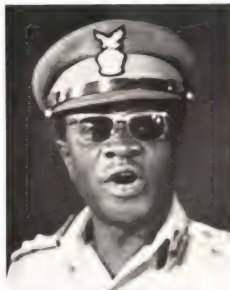
These solutions have proved ineffective. Credit in most Western countries dried up completely, and Ghana

was obliged to pay cash for its vital imports. Food shortages quickly developed, and prices skyrocketed. Acheampong's National Redemption Council put up \$23 million in subsidies to keep down the price of imported food. The plan worked well for a while, but smugglers began buying up the cheap food and peddling it in neighboring Togo in exchange for such luxury items as whiskey and cigarettes that were short in Ghana.

To make matters worse, the colons seemed determined to turn Ghana into one big boot camp by "drilling" people—forcing them to run and roll on the ground at gunpoint—for the slightest offense. A number of civil servants have found themselves drilled for reporting late to work, and one customs inspector at Accra airport suffered the same punishment for daring to check a Cabinet Minister's baggage.

**Boon.** The only thing that has saved Ghana from economic disaster is a steep rise in the world price of cocoa, which has doubled since the Redemption Council came to power. Since Ghana produces more than one-third of the world's cocoa and depends on it for 70% of its foreign exchange, the boon has given Acheampong a chance to try to restore Ghana's credit overseas. He is said to be ready to negotiate a rescheduling of the country's debts, but he is hoping for some very sweet terms: a ten-year moratorium and then a 50-year repayment period.

Once these negotiations are out of the way, Acheampong will have a chance to think about holding elections and returning the country to civilian rule. But all this will be out of the question, he says, "as long as there is work to be done getting Ghana back on its feet." Given the scope of the job, that may be a very long time indeed.



GHANA'S COLONEL IGNATIUS ACHEAMPONG  
For any offense, some "drilling."



## INTERNATIONAL NOTES

### Acres for Sale?

Should Israelis be allowed to buy land in the Arab territories that have been occupied since 1967? That question, deriving from the broader problem of what to do about the occupied territories, will be a major issue in the forthcoming election campaign, and Israel's dominant Labor Party is sharply divided.

Defense Minister Moshe Dayan has asked Prime Minister Golda Meir to agree to such purchases, but so far there has been no decision. According to a Dayan aide, there are tens of thousands of acres of land in the occupied areas that could be bought from Arab landowners who are willing to sell; purchases have been held up for lack of a government policy.

Leading doves in the Cabinet, such as Finance and Commerce Minister Pinhas Sapir and Foreign Affairs Minister Abba Eban, are opposed to land purchases on the ground that they would make a peace agreement that much harder to obtain. Dayan maintains that "facts must be created in the territories," since the Arab states show no inclination to come to terms. Other leaders are urging a compromise—permitting land purchases, but only under army supervision.

Dayan, who runs ahead of all other politicians in the polls, has thrown down the gauntlet to party leaders on this and other issues in the past few weeks. He has warned that he will not join a new government after the fall elections if it is run by a dove on a dovish platform. The alternative could be for Dayan to join forces with religious and right-wing elements: Dayan believes that he can take enough votes away from Labor to frighten the party leaders into giving him his way.

### Cutting Castro's Costs

The Soviets are fed up with the cost of shipping oil all the way from the U.S.S.R. to Cuba. Or so they have evidently told Venezuela's Lorenzo Fernández, the candidate of the ruling Social Christian Party in next December's presidential elections. During a visit to Moscow, Fernández was informed that the Soviets would be delighted to pay the bill if Venezuela would sell oil directly to Cuba. Such a move would not only eliminate the expense of shipping the oil; it would also be the first

major breach in the economic wall that the U.S. and the Organization of American States have built around Cuba. No deal has so far been worked out, but the fact that certain people in Fernández's campaign are spreading the story suggests just how much importance they are attaching to maintaining a defiant attitude toward



HELMUT SCHMIDT

Washington.

### The Wrong Datsun

The Middle Eastern "war of the spoils" is now a three-cornered battle. Not only are Israeli agents and Palestinian guerrillas zapping one another in an underground duel, but Jordanian operatives have joined in.

In a residential area of Beirut largely inhabited by Palestinians, a garaged Datsun suddenly exploded in a shower of metal. The owner could not understand why, but the police could. In the same garage stood another Datsun owned by Ziad Helou, one of four men identified as the assassins who shot down Jordanian Premier Wasli Tell outside the Cairo-Sheraton Hotel in 1971.

Tell, whose death seems in retrospect to have been a major turning point in the evolution of Palestinian violence, had been appointed by King Hussein to restore royal authority and enforce law-and-order on the refugee guerrillas. He did just that, ruthlessly executing guerrillas as he went, and thus marking himself for eventual assassination. His death was the first appearance of the now notorious Black September terrorists.

The four assassins, never brought to trial, were quietly released a year ago by Egyptian authorities. Now, apparently, Jordanian vigilantes are after them. The would-be avengers were so inept, however, that they not only timed their bomb wrong but tucked it under the wrong Datsun. At least Helou assumed so. He cried publicly for the Lebanese government to protect him from "acts of sabotage by the Jordanian, American and Israeli intelligence departments."

### Not a Pfennig

Many NATO diplomats are somewhat dismayed by West German Finance Minister Helmut Schmidt's views on helping to pay U.S. troop costs in Europe. Schmidt's position: "Not a pfennig."

The biennial negotia-

tions on new terms for the U.S.-West German offset agreements are to start within a matter of weeks, since the current agreement expires at the end of June. According to one reliable diplomatic source, Schmidt has been in "an unusually arrogant mood." In what may or may not be a negotiating tactic, he has told other

officials that congressional sentiment in favor of the Mansfield amendment to reduce troops does not matter, that Nixon has pledged to keep all troops in Europe, and will do so even if the Germans refuse all payments. "He's got to keep his word, otherwise he undermines the Western Alliance," Schmidt was quoted as saying. "What matters is what Nixon knows, not what Congress says."

### Confucius Says

Hovering in the twilight of life at the age of 79, Mao Tse-tung seems to be becoming ever more Confucian. Recent pictures of him receiving visitors in his book-lined study indicate that he spends much of his time there, and he gave visiting Japanese Premier Tanaka several volumes of Confucianist commentaries on Ch'u poetry (the historical state of Ch'u is Mao's birthplace). China watchers believe that they have seen signs of Mao's beginning to turn inward, to reflect on himself in the light of Confucian philosophy. From a Confucian bit of advice about grain storage, given to the last Emperor of the Ming dynasty, comes Mao's latest slogan for his waiting countrymen: "Dig tunnel deep, store grain everywhere, never seek hegemony."

MAO TSE-TUNG



### Fly Me—Fly Whom?

Though Tokyo and Peking have recently exchanged ambassadors, the Japanese are discovering that it is not so easy to switch alliances. Take air travel, for instance. Premier Tanaka wants to conclude an aviation agreement with the mainland, but Peking has indicated that he can have no such agreement unless Japan curtails air ties with Taiwan. A solution will not be easy. Besides being lucrative (37 Japan Air Lines flights a week, as well as 21 China Airlines flights), the Taiwan connection is backed by many members of Tanaka's own Liberal Democratic Party. Already angered by the cutting of diplomatic relations with Taiwan, these members could threaten party unity at a time when Tanaka already faces mounting left-wing opposition in the Diet. Tanaka remains optimistic, telling aides: "You must have long-range vision."



MOSHE DAYAN

FIDEL CASTRO





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## PEOPLE

Along with the freaky spring weather, who should be rolling through the Southland but redheaded Stripper **Tempest Storm**, 45, the last of the big-time burlesque queens. This time around she appeared with a rock group called the James Gang and had a string of brand-new bookings: the college circuit. Tempest likes it fine. "College guys always used to pile into B-houses on Friday and Saturday nights, but now to have 3,000 or 4,000 jumping up and yelling right on the campus—wow!" Do the students ask her questions? "The girls do. Mostly they want to know where I buy my lingerie." Was she thinking about retiring? "I could teach. Girls still need to know poise, finesse and femininity."

It was one down and perhaps one up for **Muhammad Ali**. On the way to a possible match with new Heavyweight Champion **George Foreman**, Ali lost a twelve-round decision in San Diego to an unknown ex-Marine named Ken Norton. The unexpected loss probably scotched Ali's chances of sharing a record \$6 million-to-\$10 million purse with Foreman. As consolation, the ex-champ may get a crack at another title—professor of poetry at Oxford. "This is not simply a joke," said Dr. Duncan Macleod, a fellow of St. Catherine's College, who wants to nominate Ali for the chair. "It may be time for ephemeral poets such as Ali to be recognized." The fighter's top-rated opponent in the coming vote by 30,000 Oxonians is British Poet **Stephen Spender**, heavily backed by **W.H. Auden**. So far, no one was placing odds.

Singer **Alice Cooper** is the head ghoul of Grand Guignol rock. Painter **Salvador Dali** is the grand Dada of shock work art. What could be more fitting than that Salvador should paint Alice? Or that Alice should pose wearing a million dollars' worth of borrowed jewels and surrounded by a coffee éclair, ants

ALICE COOPER & SALVADOR DALI



ECDDYSTAI TEMPEST STORM  
On the college circuit.

and a soft watch? But it wasn't just a painting. Unveiled in Manhattan last week was a chronological hologram—a three-dimensional photograph inside a continuously turning cylinder. Dali chose Cooper for this novel portrait, he said, because Alice is "the best exponent of total confusion I know."

Back in Viet Nam to cover the aftermath of the war for *The New Yorker*, Author **Frances FitzGerald** paid a visit to Quang Ngai, a coastal lowlands province particularly vulnerable to Viet Cong incursions. While there, FitzGerald, the author of *Fire in the Lake*, a bestselling book about American involvement in Southeast Asia, and *Daniel Southerland* of the *Christian Science Monitor* were picked up by the Viet Cong, questioned and then released two days later. "Actually we asked them more questions than they asked us," said Southerland. They were the first Western reporters to be captured since the January cease-fire took effect.

A good many Christian eyebrows were raised when **Billy Graham**, in the course of a press conference while visiting South Africa, proposed that rapists be castrated (*TIME*, April 2). A group of black ministers from the Twin Cities even threatened to boycott the evangelist's July crusade in their area. Returning home, Graham acknowledged that his statement was "an off-hand, hasty, spontaneous remark" that he had immediately regretted. But Graham could not help preaching a little. "It is interesting that the thought of castration stirs a far more violent reaction

than the idea of rape itself," he noted. "Perhaps this is part of our permissive society's sickness."

"An egregious insult to all our returning prisoners," said Secretary of Defense **Elliot L. Richardson**. "The rottenest, most miserable performance by any one individual in the history of our country," declared Congressman Robert H. Steele of Connecticut. The cause of their indignation was Actress-Activist **Jane Fonda**; in a television interview, she asserted that the returning P.O.W.s who said they had been tortured were "liars and hypocrites." Later Fonda backed down, but not out of the controversy. "It would be foolish for anyone to say there was no torture," she admitted. "But it is a lie to say that torture was the policy of the North Vietnamese." She did not say that her expertise was based on one short visit to North Viet Nam, where she talked to eight P.O.W.s but saw no camps.

Over the years, Tough-Guy Actor **Edward G. Robinson** put together one of the finest private art collections in the world: his "children," as he called his impressionist and postimpressionist paintings. Indeed, the works that he left when he died two months ago were his "second family." The first had gone in 1957 when he was forced by a divorce settlement to sell 58 paintings and one bronze, which Greek Shipping Magnate **Stavros Niarchos** bought for \$3,250,000. Struggling with bad health, Robinson, 63, returned to film work, bought back 14 masterworks from Niarchos and rebuilt his collection. Appraised at \$5,125,000, Robinson's second collection of 88 paintings was snapped up by Manhattan's Knoedler Gallery, whose head is Dr. **Armand Hammer**, chairman of the Occidental Petroleum Corp.

Ada Beatrice Queen Victoria Louisa Virginia Smith, nicknamed "**Bricktop**" because of her red hair, has come a long way from West Virginia. She gained fame and fortune at her nightclubs in Paris, Rome and Mexico City.

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## PEOPLE

entrancing countless fans with her whispered songs, cigar and feather boa. She taught the **Duke of Windsor** to black-bottom; **Cole Porter** wrote *Miss Otis Regrets* for her. In Manhattan last week a gaggle of old friends, including ex-Folies-Bergère Star **Josephine Baker** and Singer **Mabel Mercer**, showed up as Bricktop opened her own room—"Bricktop's"—at **Huntington Hartford's** Show Magazine Club. Why did she go back to work at 78? "It's nice to be mingling around," said Bricktop. "Not working nights began to wear on me."

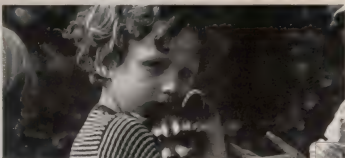
For Britons, it was bad enough that London Bridge was dismantled and moved to Lake Havasu City, Ariz. Now the century-old Albert Bridge, with its Maypole-like piers, is being threatened—by automobiles. Closed a year ago to have its underpinnings shored up, the



POET ROBERT GRAVES  
The last Victorian.

bridge should be opened just for pedestrians and small shops, its friends say. Heading the campaign to ban cars is the **Duchess of St. Albans**, who invited Poet **Robert Graves** over from Majorca to give her a hand. "He is one of the last Victorians," she said. Graves, 77, helped the Duchess and Poet Laureate **Sir John Betjeman** collect 1,000 signatures on a petition and dutifully blew up a balloon for photographers.

He was just "an eagle beating his wings against the cage," argued the eloquent defense attorney for Psychedelic Guru **Timothy Leary**, who had taken it on the lam from a California prison where he was serving a one- to ten-year sentence for possession of marijuana. Leary had escaped in what his lawyer described as a state of involuntary LSD flashback intoxication. The San Luis Obispo jurors were not impressed. It took them only 90 minutes to turn Leary from an eagle to a common jailbird again. He now faces a possible six months to five years for the escape that could be tacked on to his original marijuana conviction.



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## Light on Lost Epochs

Digging at widely separated sites—one on an island in the Aegean Sea, the other in western Iran—two teams of archaeologists recently made discoveries that may require passages of ancient history to be rewritten. Already, the objects uncovered by the scientists are shedding new light on two mighty empires of antiquity.

The first find was reported by Greek archaeologists, who for the past six years have been excavating the remains of an important center of the highly advanced Minoan civilization: a city that was buried under a blanket of ash and dust when the volcanic island of Thera (Santorini) erupted in a great explosion about 1500 B.C. Until now, the most important treasures unearthed by the diggers on Thera were several exquisitely beautiful frescoes; they show such tranquil scenes as swallows frolicking amid spring blossoms, two boys playfully boxing, and a man apparently kneeling in worship (TIME, Feb. 28, 1972). But they offer few hints about the naval power that helped Thera acquire its great wealth.

**Epic.** The archaeologists have now found such evidence. Digging out another buried house last summer, they discovered fragments of a frieze painted in a continuous strip on three of its walls. Partially restored by experts of Athens' Byzantine Museum, the impressive 21-ft.-long wall painting portrays a detailed, DeMille-like epic of invasion and bloodshed. Spyridon Marinatos, the chief excavator and director of Greece's department of antiquities, compares it to the *Iliad*. "Homer is poetry in words," he says. "This is poetry in color."

The painting, which consists of a series of miniature scenes, none more than 16 inches high, portrays a battle between a fleet of Minoan ships and an enemy flotilla off a coastal city. Following their victory,

the Minoans land, sack the city and make off with its valuables. The battle is vividly re-created; men can be seen falling from sinking ships and drowning, women jump in despair off towers, and soldiers lead away looted cattle and sheep. In other panels, the conquerors are welcomed by the inhabitants of two other cities. This activity takes place against a landscape populated by lions, deer, panthers, leopards and even a griffin, the mythical creature with the head and wings of an eagle and the body of a lion.

From the faces of the people and the type of sheep they raised, Marinatos concludes that the action occurred on the coast of Libya. Either allies or colonies of the Minoans, the two friendly cities had apparently summoned naval help against a rival city. If Marinatos is correct, the frieze extends by at least a thousand years the known history of Libya; until now scholars have thought that the earliest reference to Libya was in the chronicles of Herodotus, written about 450 B.C. The frieze also strongly suggests that Thera prospered through trade and occasionally conquest. For these reasons, Marinatos is convinced that the frieze is "the most valuable historical document that we have obtained so far from the Bronze Age."

The Middle East discovery was made last Christmas Eve by a French-led team of archaeologists. While dig-

ging at the ancient imperial Persian city of Susa in western Iran, they suddenly struck a large stone object. As they excitedly removed more earth, fingers, then a hand and finally most of a human figure emerged. Even though the head and shoulders were missing, hieroglyphics on the carved belt of the more than seven-foot-high, four-ton statue indicated that it was a figure of Darius the Great, one of the most powerful rulers of the ancient world.

During his reign, which lasted from 522 to 485 B.C., Darius controlled a vast empire that stretched from the coast of North Africa to India. Apart from the fact that he was renowned as a lawgiver and statesman, most details of his life and that of the Achaemenian dynasty—which ruled ancient Persia for two centuries—are shrouded in the mists of the past. The great bas-reliefs that Darius ordered carved into a cliffside in Behistun, some 150 miles to the north of Susa, for instance, tell of his accession to the throne and his triumph over enemies. But they are too fragmentary to offer a full historical record.

**Portrait.** The statue of Darius should provide many missing details. Unearthed at the entrance of a newly discovered hilltop building near a palace built by Darius, the figure is executed in the fashionable Egyptian style of the day: dressed in robes, the king has his left foot forward, his left arm against his chest, and wears on his belt a dagger in a sheath decorated with winged bulls. According to the inscriptions, Darius ("the King of Kings, the King of the



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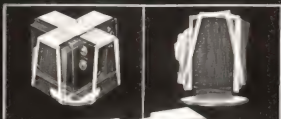
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## SCIENCE

People, the King of this Great Earth") had the statue carved in Egypt and shipped to Susa, where he personally consecrated it. On the statue's base are two rows of kneeling figures, representing the different tribes and nations that lived under his rule.

Elated by the discovery, the archaeologists will next turn their attention to the lower areas of the palace grounds, hoping to find the statue's missing head, which may have rolled down the hill after some ancient accident. They will be spurred on by the inscriptions in the three official languages of the empire—Old Persian, Elamite and Akkadian—as well as in Egyptian hieroglyphics. In fact, the hieroglyphics say the statue is a "portrait." If that is indeed true, finding the missing head will enable modern man to gaze for the first time upon the full visage of Darius, the King of Kings.

## A Soviet "Skylab"

As usual, the Russians said not a word about the mission. But last month, when the Soviet tracking ships *Gagarin* and *Komarov* sailed out of the Black Sea, passed through the Mediterranean and headed full steam into the Atlantic. Western observers knew that something was up. The vessels are known to carry elaborate electronic gear and serve as communications links between Soviet spacecraft and ground controllers. Last week these suspicions were dramatically confirmed when the Soviets orbited Salyut 2, a 17-ton space lab. At week's end, they were expected to launch a smaller Soyuz spacecraft that would carry cosmonauts to the orbital lab.

The launch of Salyut, which carries a cargo of scientific equipment, marked a resumption of the Soviet manned space effort after an interruption of nearly two years. During the last manned mission, in June 1971, three cosmonauts lived in Salyut 1 for almost 24 days—longer than anyone had previously spent in space. But the three crewmen were killed on their way back to earth; the hatch of their Soyuz spacecraft leaked—perhaps jolted by the retrorocket firing prior to re-entry—resulting in a fatal loss of oxygen. Since then Soviet engineers have redesigned the hatch to prevent a recurrence of the tragedy. As an added precaution, the cosmonauts will also wear their pressure suits on the return flight, something the earlier crew had not done.

TIME's Moscow correspondent John Shaw reports strong speculation in the Soviet capital that the cosmonauts will live and work aboard Salyut 2 until May Day, one of the biggest political holidays of the year and a time when the Soviet leadership likes to show off its accomplishments. If the mission is successful, the Russians may well steal the thunder from a U.S. space spectacular: the mid-May launch of Skylab, aboard which three astronauts are scheduled to live for 28 days.

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AMERICAN EXPRESS

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A woman and a man are shown from the chest up, wearing white racing suits and helmets. The woman on the left is smiling broadly. The man on the right is partially visible. Both suits have large black letters on the front. The woman's suit shows 'UNI' and the man's suit shows 'ROY'.

**UNI ROY**

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A full-page advertisement featuring two male race drivers from the chest up. They are both wearing white racing suits with 'UNIROYAL' printed in large black letters across the chest. They are also wearing red racing helmets with white and black chevron patterns. Both drivers are smiling broadly at the camera. The background is dark and out of focus.

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we do on the  
track, even in  
rain or freeway  
traffic, get  
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we don't like to  
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1.4 mg. nicotine, av. per cigarette, FTC Report August '72

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined  
That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

## Taming the Tigers

A frequent criticism lodged against many U.S. newspapers is that they discourage aggressive young reporters from doing tough exposés and offbeat features and waging anti-Establishment crusades. Eight years ago, Cleveland *Plain Dealer* Publisher Thomas Vail decided that his paper needed revitalizing. Over several years, he recruited nearly a score of new staffers who were nicknamed "the young tigers." He loosed them on the seamy side of Ohio's largest city, and the paper's investigative reporting blossomed. Beamed Vail: "Terrific, just terrific."

No more. Most of the original "tigers" have moved on to other jobs and they are not being replaced by others of similar temperament. "We're shifting gears," says Vail, "and hiring guys with a track record of seven, eight, nine years' experience." Vail, 46, and his executive editor, Thomas Guthrie, 61, simply soured on the kids. "We took on a wild lot of young reporters," Vail says. "Some of them wrote stories that were full of inaccuracies and made-up sources. They were fun, but they didn't want to do the nitty-gritty work it takes to be a good reporter." Adds Guthrie: "They had no loyalty. They wanted to be instant Lippmanns. Even their grammar was atrocious." A Scotsman, Guthrie scans two London papers every day "just so I can read some decent English."

Youngsters who have left—and some who remain—view the dispute as a matter of principle rather than grammar. In 1971 Reporter Joe Eszterhas was fired after writing an embarrassing satire for *Evergreen Review* on the *Plain Dealer's* handling of its scoop on the My Lai massacre photos. That caused ill will and became part of the continuing friction that defined itself in terms of both age and politics. Junior reporters began calling two older executives "Mad Dog" and "Snake," and were in turn referred to as "the Cong" and "the Revolutionaries." For a while management fretted over a rumor that reporters were planning to put LSD in the cafeteria water fountain.

Reflecting the turbulence, the paper has had four managing editors in less than three years. The current M.E. is Robert Burdock, 45. His predecessor, Wilson Hirschfeld, was fired after a stream of complaints from reporters that he was killing or slanting stories to protect friends in the city administration. Hirschfeld, a Christian Scientist, also tried to reduce the paper's medical

coverage. Fraser Kent, a respected medical reporter, quit in disgust, for this and other reasons. There was also bitterness over management's appeal for police assistance when Newspaper Guild members picketed the paper during a strike last October. Since December alone, six reporters and editors have left. The reporting staff is down to 41 from a peak of 52 in 1968.

The young dissidents—and some older staffers too—feel that the infighting has hurt the paper's editorial quality. "We came to rely more and more on the wire services and the New York *Times* News Service," says a former



POLICE CHARGE STRIKING REPORTERS  
Shifting gears in Cleveland.

staffer. "There wasn't time for journalism." In fact coverage of local affairs is less enterprising than it was a few years ago. The paper's competitive position, however, shows no sign of being damaged. The *Plain Dealer* remains Ohio's largest daily, with a circulation of 409,000. Ad linage is increasing. As far as Vail is concerned, the troubles have ended. "I've got the best management team I've ever had," he says. "We're going to be better than ever."

## Short Takes

► The leaking and publication of classified information has always been a murky area in criminal law, except when genuine military secrets are involved. Until the Pentagon papers case, the Government never bothered to prosecute. That would change radically if President Nixon's proposed Criminal Code Reform Act of 1973 is passed. For the first time, disclosure of any classified material would automatically be considered a felony. Any future Daniel Ellsberg would therefore be stripped of

the defense that the revealed data did not harm national security. Reporters would be liable for prosecution if they published such material. Violators would face possible penalties of a \$50,000 fine and up to seven years in prison. Vast amounts of Government documents are classified, and if the Administration's proposal becomes law, investigative reporting would be severely restricted. The provision, however, faces tough opposition in Congress.

► One gauge of how relations between the White House and the press have changed comes in a reminiscence by Max Frankel, who recently left the New York *Times* Washington bureau to become the paper's Sunday editor. Writing in the *Columbia Forum*, Frankel recalls that during the Cuban missile crisis of 1962, John Kennedy personally requested that the *Times* temporarily withhold exclusive information. His reason: if the Russians discovered prematurely how much the U.S. knew about their installations in Cuba, they would "take some action—like activating the missiles—and force him to attack." The request seemed reasonable. The previous year, however, the *Times* had quashed its story in advance of the Bay of Pigs invasion. Publication in that case might have avoided an epic U.S. fiasco. In the missile situation, therefore, the *Times* made a counter-request. As Frankel tells it: "Will the President give his word that he will shed no blood and start no war during the period of our silence? The Commander-in-Chief perceives no affront in this arrogant demand from the sidelines. He gives his

word, and we delay our report for a day. No such bargain was ever struck again... The essential ingredient was trust, and that was lost somewhere between Dallas and Tonkin."

► *Esquire* Editor Harold T.P. Hayes, after spending 17 successful years with the magazine, suddenly quit last week only months before he was to succeed Publisher Arnold Gingrich. The reason: Hayes refused to surrender editorial responsibility in taking over the publisher's role. Gingrich pronounced himself "bitterly disappointed" by the resignation. "He was my boy," said Gingrich of his 46-year-old protégé, Gingrich, who must officially give up his title when he turns 70 in December, now plans to act as publisher indefinitely. Hayes' successor: Executive Editor Don Erickson, 41.

► Headline of the week: JUDGE SWATS BUG BIG AN EXTRA 18 MONTHS—committed by the New York *Daily News*, on a story reporting that Watergate Plotter G. Gordon Liddy was sentenced to an additional term for refusing to answer a grand jury's questions.

## The Foreign Route

With only a B average at the State University of New York at Buffalo, Ronald Koval of Dover, N.J., knew that he faced tough competition when he applied for admission to medical school back in 1965. So he was not surprised when each of his eight applications was rejected, one with a curt note wishing him success in another field. But Koval refused to abandon his ambition to become a doctor. For the past seven years, he has been studying at Belgium's Free University of Brussels, and next month he will finally receive his M.D. degree.

Koval is one of some 4,000 Americans now studying for their M.D.s

at Brussels and Louvain have a total of more than 500 Americans. Some 800 attend the Italian university at Bologna; the medical school at Rome has 175 more, many of whom make their presence known every Thanksgiving Day by playing in a football game that has become known as the Pasta Bowl. Mexico's Autonomous University of Guadalajara has the largest contingent; it numbers 1,300 gringos among its 4,000 students.

The four-year course at Guadalajara resembles an American medical school curriculum, but education at European medical schools is considerably different. Because European students often enter medical training directly from high school, most schools on the

the Americans' success. "Anyone who comes here has to be motivated," she says. "You have to learn a new language, the school is constant hard work, and it's difficult to get back into the States to practice."

Before they can intern or practice in the U.S., American graduates of foreign schools must pass a special examination administered by the Educational Council for Foreign Medical Graduates. Some American students feel that the tests, required by the American Medical Association and the American Hospital Association, discriminate against those who fail to gain admission to U.S. medical schools. Others, noting the shortage of physicians in the U.S., see an A.M.A. plot to protect the practices—and incomes—of American-trained physicians. Actually, the test is not insurmountable for most U.S. students trained in good foreign schools; it is primarily designed to weed out students who are unable to speak English or whose medical education is not up to U.S. standards. Many of those who pass go on to gain good positions in the U.S. on hospital staffs or as instructors in medical schools.

## Capsules

► Concerned about the growing misuse of amphetamines, the U.S. Government last year restricted the production of the powerful addictive stimulants, and has proposed still sharper cuts for 1973. Last week the Bureau of Narcotics and Dangerous Drugs and the Food and Drug Administration went even further by recalling most diet drugs containing amphetamines. The bureau made it illegal for manufacturers to ship either combination diet pills or injectable amphetamines in interstate commerce. It also requested manufacturers to destroy their stocks of amphetamine-bearing drugs and to recall and destroy those on the market. The action should remove most amphetamines from the market by June 30.

► Hyperhidrosis—excessive sweating of the palms may not seem like a major medical problem, but those who suffer from a clammy grip can find the condition both annoying and embarrassing. Antiperspirants provide only temporary relief; radiation, which some physicians use to destroy sweat glands, may cause dangerous skin conditions. Now Dr. Donald Dohn of the Cleveland Clinic reports that a safe and effective remedy has been developed: patients with serious cases of hyperhidrosis have been cured by surgery. The operation, called an upper thoracic sympathectomy, is performed by making an incision in the side of the neck and removing those thoracic ganglia (nerve connections) that relay impulses from the brain to the sympathetic (non-voluntary) nerves that influence sweat glands in the hands. So far, all 25 patients who have had the operation have retained warm, dry hands.



AMERICAN MEDICAL STUDENTS AT FREE UNIVERSITY OF BRUSSELS  
A difficult road to an M.D. degree.

abroad. Many of them were well qualified to enter overburdened U.S. medical schools but were rejected simply because there was no room for them. Last year, for example, only some 13,000 of 35,000 would-be physicians who applied for admission to U.S. schools were accepted. Of those who were turned down, well over 600 are trying the foreign route, further swelling the ranks of U.S. medical students overseas.

For those who take that route, gaining admittance to a good school may be a problem. For a start, many foreign schools simply will not accept Americans. In fact, laws in The Netherlands and Switzerland restrict or deny admission to most foreign students. British medical schools give priority to Britons, and Canada's world-renowned McGill University School of Medicine takes only a handful of well-qualified Americans annually. But there are several schools that do welcome U.S. medical students—if they can master the local language. The Belgian universities

Continent require six or seven years for an M.D. compared with only three or four in the U.S. Before they get their diplomas, graduates of Louvain must take a one-year internship, while Mexican schools require a year of social service, usually in rural areas. Furthermore, American schools increasingly emphasize clinical experience and put students into contact with patients early in their training; European schools—which have limited teaching-hospital facilities—rely heavily on lectures and classroom work.

Despite these differences and difficulties, most Americans complete their educations abroad, and manage to win the respect of their professors and classmates. "American students are either exceptionally good or exceptionally bad," says Dr. Antoine Dhem, a professor of anatomy at Louvain, "and the vast majority are exceptionally good." Lynette Goodstine, 26, of Manchester, Conn., a second-year student at Louvain, has a simple explanation for

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## Bird Lives!

"The history of jazz," Miles Davis maintains, "can be told in four words: Louis Armstrong, Charlie Parker." Satchmo died at 71 on July 6, 1971, his name a household word; but 18 years have passed since Charlie ("Bird") Parker died, broke and burned out at 34. Except to jazz buffs, his name is barely remembered. No longer do such graffiti as "Bird Lives!" appear on subway walls. Yet sooner or later Parker's genius confronts anyone who listens to jazz seriously.

He was jazz's most prolific improviser. Bird would blow 15 or 20 choruses on his alto saxophone without a repeat, then pause, breathe from his toes and blow ten more, bending and coloring the notes with a broad doubled sound. Technically, his music was fiendishly complex; emotionally it was a pure sound riding a column of air that came straight from the gut. It was the kind of music musicians dream about.

Ross Russell's biography, *"Bird Lives!"*, vividly documents the achievement and the tragedy of Parker's life. Unlike many writers who gush about jazzmen with little regard for facts, Russell remains temperate without being tepid. His style slips only when he reverts to a pseudo-novelistic form. Though Russell has unrestrained respect for Parker's talents, he nevertheless dismantles much of the myth that has grown around this genius of improvisation. Russell shows that Parker earned his place in jazz's pantheon by more than a shot of heroin. His talent was nurtured by hard work and an almost pathological concentration; Parker logged some 15,000 hours "woodshedding" (practicing). As he grew up, he heard firsthand all the important jazz artists who converged on his home town, Kansas City, Kans.: Count Basie, Hot Lips Page, Lester Young.

"Yardbird." Poor and black, Parker's father early deserted the family; his mother worked as a cleaning woman. By the time he was 13, she had scrimped enough to buy him a saxophone for \$45. Silently fingering the battered 1898 sax, held together with tape and rubber bands, he would stand in the alleys outside the clubs waiting to talk to his heroes between sets—a practice that earned his nickname "Yardbird." (It did not come about, as Russell claims, from a fondness for chicken.)

One night at the Reno Club he got a chance to sit in. He thought that he could play his saxophone as fast as Art Tatum played the piano, and began with a brief stratospheric flight that teased the ear. But he soon lost the key and then the beat. At that, the drummer's cymbal hurtled through the air, landing with a crash at his feet: in the customary jazz citation to a bad musician,

Charlie had been "gonged off" the stage.

Soon nobody was gonging off Bird. In his 20s, he had already become a legend. He had given his name to Birdland, and along with Dizzy Gillespie, Thelonious Monk and Bud Powell had founded a whole new jazz idiom called bebop. The beginning came one night while Parker was playing *Cherokee* in a Manhattan chili house: he reached up and got his line by filching the top notes off the chords. By mingling spontaneous piquettes of fanciful improvisations with a tune's melody he vastly expanded the freedom of musicians.

Parker's life was as frantic as his



THE "BIRD" IN FLIGHT (1947)  
Pirouettes of sounds.

music was creative. He said that he wanted to hear Schoenberg, Hindemith, Stravinsky, and Bartók—but he could never find the time. Married twice, his amorous escapades were infamous. He was charming, monstrous, lonely, tortured. He was trapped in the upside-down world of jazz. Day began at dusk and ended whenever the counterfeit glow of alcohol, drugs and sex wore off. He began to use heroin to unlock the doors of creativity the way Coleridge used opium and Schiller inhaled rotten apples. Finally he lost the trick of living off the top. "Do as I say and not as I do," he admonished Trumpeter Red Rodney as he gave himself a fix. He went into a steady decline. Though his records made millions, his last years were a hell of scrounging for drugs. He had a nervous breakdown, recovered, attempted suicide. In the end his body proved less durable than his music. Af-

flicted by cirrhosis of the liver, stomach ulcers and pneumonia, he died in Manhattan in 1955, a tragic figure who in a few short years had forever changed the sound of jazz.

■ Joon Downs

## Chopiniana

"Gentlemen, hats off! A genius!" Thus Robert Schumann in his 1831 review introduced the young Polish composer Frédéric Chopin. Chopin was a romanticist who detested the very word; Bach and Mozart were his gods. Nonetheless, the romantic volcano that he triggered continues to erupt over a century after his death. To many concertgoers, a great pianist still means a great Chopin pianist, and if the recent spate of Chopin recordings is an indication, the artists agree. Some of the best:

**The Complete Polonaises** (Garrick Ohlsson, Angel; \$11.98). Ohlsson, 25, is a big man (6 ft. 4 in., 240 lbs.), with the requisite mass and muscle for epic works such as the *Polonaise in A-Flat Major*; yet he is a sensitive colorist. But maybe he ought to wait until he has a stomach-ache before he next records the gloomy C minor; his performance is positively joyful with the exuberance of his youthful talent.

**Twelve Etudes, Opus 10, and Fantasia in F Minor, Opus 49; Twelve Etudes, Opus 25, and Scherzo No. 3 in C-Sharp Minor, Opus 39** (Alexander Slobodnyak, Melodiya/Angel; 2 LPs; \$5.98 each). Combining the right degree of bravura virtuosity with an elegant lyricism, Slobodnyak, 30, has total control of the giant tone poems. Especially impressive is the hand-crippling D-flat major étude of Opus 25.

**Piano Concerto No. 2 in F Minor** (Charles Rosen soloist, John Pritchard conducting the New Philharmonia Orchestra, Odyssey; \$2.98). Each time a new Rosen record appears, one wonders why more is not heard from him. His attack is confident, his approach intelligent, and he achieves a tonal purity that is best described as supremely musical.

**Great Pianists of the Century Play Chopin** (Cortot, Rubinstein, Gieseking, Arrau, Horowitz, Cherkassky, Malcuzyński, Lipatti, Anda, Seraphim; \$2.98). Nine artists are represented in this Chopin collection assembled from monophonic recordings made between 1933 and 1959. The sound is not equal to contemporary standards, but it in no way obscures the distinctive style of each artist. Collectors will want this one.

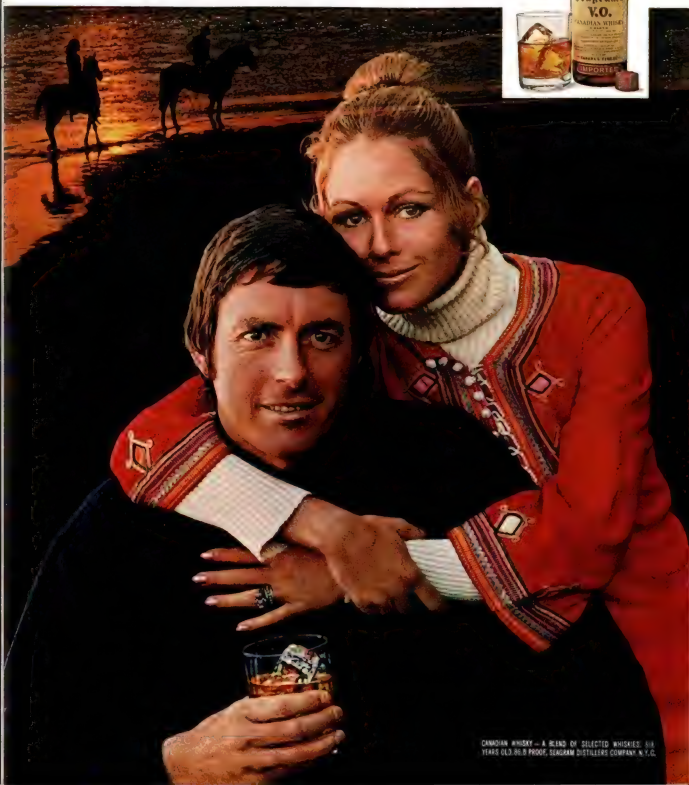
**25th Anniversary Season: Graffman Plays Chopin** (Gary Graffman in a selected recital including the *Ballade No. 1 in G Minor*, *Scherzo No. 2 in B-Flat Minor*, *Andante Spianato* and *Grande Polonaise*; Columbia; \$5.98). Celebrating 25 years on the concert stage and still young at 44, Graffman gives a spirited performance infused with the authority of a master. Most revealing of all, perhaps, are the little pieces whose shifting eminences of light and shade are as carefully traced and polished as the face of a fine jewel.

■ J.D.



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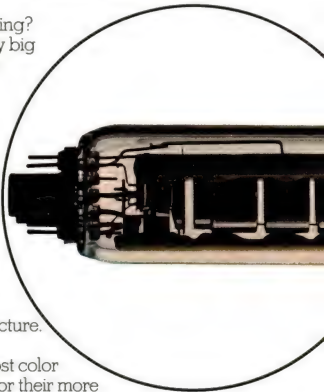
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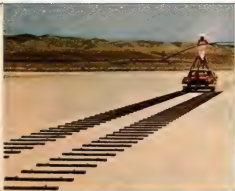


**SONY  
TRINITRON**

# BALONEY.



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El Mirage, Calif., August 1, 1972. Bill Couch balances himself on top Torino's special rig.



Torino's wheels pound over the torturous roadbed of 2x4s, but Torino's body rides smooth.



End of run, and Bill is still balanced. If it's that smooth on top, imagine how smooth it is inside.

**The solid mid-size Ford Torino.**  
To prove its amazingly smooth ride,  
we pounded over torturous 2x4's while a  
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Chances are you won't ride over roads as tough as ours, and certainly won't balance yourself on top of your Torino. But you will get a smooth ride.

Torino's refined suspension helps to cushion bumps, absorb road vibrations and reduce body sway.

You'll ride with confidence too, because the 1973 Torino combines a welded body with a heavy 5 cross-member frame. Body frame construction for solid durability.

The '73 Ford Torino. Smooth Riding, Strong and Quiet Because It's a Ford.

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*Wax Impressions of the Knees of Five Famous Artists*, 1967, is as anemic a parody of the cement pavement outside Grauman's Chinese Theater as one could desire; therein, perhaps, lies a fatuous sort of originality. Its aim, as Nauman once expressed it, "has to do with making the thing itself less important to look at." In those terms, such works are a complete success. It is hard to think of anything that could be less visually important, unless it is the punning (Duchamp again, minus the flair) in thrills of wit like Nauman's *Waxing Hot*—a photograph of the young master's hands applying car polish to three red wooden letters, H, O and T.

Nauman's output lacks the sense of fantasy, myth and visual meaning that informs the work of his West Coast contemporaries, William Wiley, William Allen and Joseph Raffael. It is too heavyhanded to rival the wit of an Ed Ruscha or a Kenneth Price. Nauman's reputation is an example of terrorism-by-art-history. Nowhere does he address himself to life, prosaic or imaginative. Instead, he poses fidgety little conundrums about the limits of aesthetic activity. Art about art about art: an infinite regress, like a camera staring at the monitor. How anyone can still obtain a reputation by squatting in that overpopulated cul-de-sac is one of the enduring mysteries of the world art scene.

■ Robert Hughes

## Vapid Wunderkind

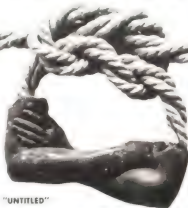
With three months of the art season still to run, it may be early to guess which New York institution will have put up the most vapid show of 1972-73. But a retrospective of the works of Bruce Nauman (through May 13) makes the Whitney Museum a strong contender.

Nauman, a 32-year-old body-artist, video-taper and conceptualist who works in California, is the present *Wunderkind* of the official avant-garde. His show, booked on the circuit to Bern, Düsseldorf, Milan, Houston and San Francisco, was jointly organized by the Los Angeles County Museum and the Whitney. Its imprimaturs are heavy. There are two long and ingenious catalogue essays by Curators Jane Livingston and Marcia Tucker, written, alas, in the impacted duck-speak of art magazines (sample: "There is a singular combining of the purely somatic and the archly conceptualized and verbal in his aesthetic cognitions"). Nauman's intellect and methods are favorably compared with those of Vladimir Nabokov, Jasper Johns and Ludwig Wittgenstein. Even Leonardo da Vinci is hauled in to serve as an artistic ancestor. The aim of this coercive litany is to persuade doubters that Nauman is a home-grown successor to Marcel Duchamp, whose every pun and *jeu d'esprit*, no matter how limp, must be given the solemn study once reserved for Holy Writ. In short, Nauman has had the full treatment, Mount Culture labors, and out he pops.

It could hardly have happened to a thinner talent. One gets video tape after video tape of Nauman gravely smearing his body with black or green makeup; Nauman distending his mouth in froggy grimaces at the camera; Nauman *Walking in an Exaggerated Manner Around the Perimeter of a Square*; and an effort named *Bouncing Bulls*, 1969, a long closeup of Nauman's unremarkable testicles jiggling up and down. It makes the most tedious of Warhol's movies seem like the chase scene in *Bullitt*. Every so often, Nauman reflects the monotony a little by putting the camera on its side, or (daring in-

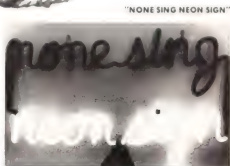
novation!) upside down. And occasionally he gives the tape some irritating value, as in an inverted closeup of his own face repeating over and over the words "lip sync." But that is all: not much. In any case it seems a trifle late to be disinterring, once again, the idea of boredom as an aesthetic principle. Nauman's cool is of the kind that precedes rigor mortis.

What remains startling is the urbane unoriginality of his work. Whenever an image or process appears in Nauman's show that looks vaguely interesting, one may be sure it was worked out years before by either Johns or Duchamp. So with Nauman's casts and templates of parts of his body, which are merely spin-offs and rip-offs from Johns in the late '50s and, more distantly, from Duchamp's own interest in molding. That some of these Naumans are made of neon tubing does not alter this, any more than the fact that some of his word-pieces (e.g., a sign that lights up "R A W" backward and "W A R" forward) are neon raises them above simple-mindedness. A second- or third-hand existence is intrinsic to his work.



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"FEET OF CLAY"







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## ENVIRONMENT

### Showdown in Montana

Residents of eastern Montana are justifiably proud of their "big sky" country. Its green-brown prairie, dotted by scrub and ponderosa pine, stretches in austere grandeur to a distant horizon. But the stark beauty of this region, into which cattle and sheep ranches comfortably blend, is now being threatened by America's insatiable appetite for energy.

The reason is coal. Beneath the prairie sod of Montana and the neighboring areas of Wyoming and North Dakota lie an estimated 1.3 trillion tons of coal and lignite—40% of the U.S.'s reserves, enough to power American industry and heat American homes for decades. Moreover, since the Western coal contains little sulfur or sodium, it will produce relatively little air pollution when it is burned. This is especially important in cities with strict air-quality laws at a time when other clean fuels (natural gas and oil with low sulfur content) are becoming increasingly scarce and expensive. Best of all, the thick coal seams are close to the land's surface and can be easily reached by ponderous machines that peel back the prairie and gouge out the underlying coal.

Such surface mining is so mechanized, however, that it would provide few new jobs for Montanans. The state is therefore considering ways to reap greater benefits from the coal in the form of economic diversification, greater tax revenues and new jobs. The coal could be converted into natural gas at huge plants near the mining areas. Or it might be used to fuel a complex of 21

giant electric power plants in Montana, as recommended by the U.S. Bureau of Reclamation and some three dozen electric utilities. Then the electricity would be sent on long transmission lines to power-hungry cities on the West Coast and in the Midwest.

The Montanans also insist that industry pay the costs of remedying the environmental damage done by mining and processing the coal. Last year a special Montana task force reported that by the time the state's coal deposits are exhausted, some 800,000 acres of Montana—an area larger than Rhode Island—would be chewed up and perhaps even made useless.

If the coal-gasification and power-plant complexes were built, the report noted, more serious problems would arise. The new jobs created by industrialization would swell the state's population from its present 700,000 to more than 1,000,000, causing a need for more services and more taxes to pay for them. Since the best antipollution devices available cannot filter out all the fine particles that go up the stacks or out the water-discharge pipes of new plants, there would also be more pollution.

Despite the gloomy report, says Ted Schwinden, commissioner of state lands, "many people feel that the coal will inevitably be developed." To control that development, the state legislature recently enacted one law to govern the location of power plants and another that requires coal companies to restore stripped land to its "approximate original contour and use." Industry's objections were relatively muted.

In the little town of Colstrip, a coal-

mining electric utility, Western Energy, is operating an eleven-acre test reclamation project at a working mine. The company has regraded the land and planted trees and several species of grass for a total cost of \$700 an acre, which adds only pennies per ton to the total cost of obtaining coal. But local farmers and ranchers are not convinced, because reclamation is extremely difficult in the semiarid region (average rainfall: 14 in. per year). "If I used as much fertilizer as they did on that test site," says Rancher Wally McRae, "I could grow grass on the roof of my house."

What most bothers thoughtful Montanans is the lack of definitive information about the long-term effects of development. "We still don't know enough about such things as what will happen to rivers and underground water supplies, about air pollution and population disruption," says State Representative Dorothy Bradley. But the legislature recently voted down her bill setting a 2½-year moratorium to study these problems before coal mining begins on a massive scale. Thus there seem to be radical changes in the future of the big sky country, highlighting a dilemma that will become increasingly familiar as the natural resources of the U.S. become scarcer: Should the residents of one region of the nation be asked to give up their land and traditions for the good of other Americans living hundreds of miles away?

### The Tree Rustlers

In McHenry, Ill., a gentleman farmer reported that at least four had been stolen. A Monticello, Ill., landowner found that 20 had been taken from her property overnight. In Columbus, Ohio, citizens discovered that five were missing from a city park. The objects that are becoming increasingly attractive to Midwestern thieves are not the underworld's usual stock in trade. They are black walnut trees, which are disappearing at an alarming rate from the north-central forests of the U.S., where most of them grow. In many places where the best of the giant shade trees once stood, beautifying landscapes in Ohio, Indiana, Illinois and Iowa, there are now only ugly stumps.

The lustrous, easily worked hardwood of black walnut trees is prized by furniture manufacturers the world over, mainly because it can be made into a thin veneer to cover less expensive woods. But the supply is short. Every year woodsmen in the U.S. cut about 11 million more board feet than mature in state and commercial nurseries. As a result, logs from a large, top-quality black walnut tree can fetch as much as \$15,000 nowadays—obviously well worth a midnight foray by tree rustlers.

The wily culprits cruise around wooded areas in cars (one gang used an airplane) during daylight hours to spot their victims, then strike at night.

Armed with chain saws silenced with auto mufflers, they have to move too quickly to bother with the valuable branches (which are used for furniture legs and braces) or roots (which are made into gunstocks). All they want are the trunks, which they winch onto a truck and sell to sawmills to be processed for veneer.

Sometimes the thieves will even approach a farmer and offer to cut his deadwood. Then, says Craig Beek, head of Iowa's Bureau of Criminal Investigation, "Zippo, like a flash, they'll take your walnut trees too." Another ploy is to approach the landowner and ask to buy the trees, promising payment when they are sold to mills. The cutters then disappear with the logs, and the farmer never sees them again.

James Vavra, an Illinois game warden, has set up a makeshift defense against the black walnut marketers. He has organized farmers to be on the lookout for trucks with winches on private property, and to report strange nocturnal sounds to the local sheriff—especially the *mmmmrrrr* of a muffled buzz saw. Last month the system helped catch three thieves in Illinois' De Kalb County. They are now awaiting trial on charges of grand theft, criminal damage to property and criminal trespass.

Despite alert farmers, the tree thieves are still reaping a rich harvest. Mill owners are too happy to see black walnut logs to ask embarrassing questions, and new state laws designed to reduce tree rustling are proving hard to enforce. Thieves at work near Monroe, Iowa, added insult to injury. Spotting a black walnut tree near a house, they noticed that the residents were not at home. In felling the towering tree, however, they sent it crashing onto the house, causing \$2,000 in damage. Undaunted, they cut off the top of the tree, took the trunk and left the mess.

DRAWING OF BLACK WALNUT TREE



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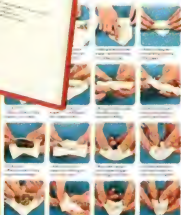
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**Two Simple Wrappers.** *Wantons* and egg-rolls are easy to prepare. They are filled, shaped and cooked in a variety of ways. Shown above are basic techniques for folding and filling egg-rolls and several kinds of *wantons*.

# "UNDERWHELM ME...AGAIN."

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### FOUR ROSES PREMIUM





## "BigSkirts," Big Prices

Each spring Paris goes a bit mad as it tries to tell the world's women what to wear the following fall and winter. Last week thousands of buyers, retailing executives and journalists turned up for the *prêt-à-porter* (ready-to-wear) shows and found the usual mania. A tightrope walker equilibrated over the crowd jammed into the Commercial Stock Exchange, where a big show was taking place. At Designer Vicky Tiel's "New Tango in Paris" exhibit, dancing models plucked partners from the audience for a whirl around the floor. As always, the gendarmes had crowd-control problems. Amidst all the hoopla was a rather prosaic message: women buying Paris labels next fall will find many of them attached to familiar skirts and sweaters. Dresses cling at the bodice and flare at the hems, and pants are getting less emphasis.

**Stars.** Nearly all of the 800-plus designers who displayed their wares, including such stars as St. Laurent, Angelo Tarlazzi and Michelle Bruyère, had variations on the skirt-and-sweater theme. The look includes hip-length cardigans, frequently worn over pull-overs. Skirts are longish, too, starting at the knee and working all the way down to the ankle. Many billow like peasant dresses. Fashion phrasemakers, with considerable wit, call them "BigSkirts."

Judging by the size of the crowds they attracted, the two biggest stars to emerge from last week's shows were Chloé Designer Karl Lagerfeld and Japanese Designer Kenzo Takada. People literally climbed into the windows of the Laurent restaurant on the Champs-Élysées to peek at Lagerfeld's collection, which emphasizes the elegant and the demure. His soft shirts with high, pointed collars peek out from under dresses and loose turtleneck sweaters. Tweedy vests and jackets were another variation. Lagerfeld also introduced an even more elaborate version of the layered look, with shirts worn one atop the other, or even with a sweater separating them. Kenzo's designs included fitted knit pullovers and cardigans in salt-and-pepper colors, sweaters in snowflake designs, and so-called "sloppy joes"—loose, bulky garments bloused at the hips. These are meant to be worn with long, ruffled peasant skirts with tiny vertical pleats and—of all things—crinolines underneath.

The fashion world thrives on small controversies; last week's was over skirt length. To some retailers, some of the BigSkirts looked like a secondhand midi of a few seasons back. That calf-length style was a fiasco. Said Sara Montiel, a buyer for Continental Purchasing Co.: "American buyers remember the midi just like the Alamo and they aren't going to repeat old mistakes." Gripped

Norman Wechsler of Saks Fifth Avenue to *Women's Wear Daily*: "The last time we had the long lengths, even the stock market went down." Bob Sakowitz, executive vice president of the Sakowitz store in Houston, agreed: "I can't and I won't stand for another battle of the hemlines." But by week's end, most buyers had convinced themselves that things might turn out all right. Many of the styles did expose part of the knee, and there were enough variations to offer a wide choice. Skirt orders by American buyers were running ahead of last year.

No matter where the hemline ends, it cannot cover up the higher prices that Paris clothing will command. The expense of custom garments has already driven all but the wealthiest customers away from the *haute couture*; now, because of worldwide inflation and the devaluation of the dollar, *prêt-à-porter* trade faces a cost crunch too. "Both wool and silk are up 50% this year, and this has simply pushed prices out of reach," says an American buyer. "What American woman will be willing to pay \$100 for a blouse?" Some buyers complain that while they have spent just as much money this year as in the past, they are bringing back far less merchandise; smaller stores had a difficult time

BRUYÈRE'S LAYERED SWEATERS



TARLAZZI'S SKIRT & PANTS

finding merchandise they could afford. Not to worry, though. A fashion-conscious woman can always shorten up her old midskirt a bit and dry-clean the stretched-out sweater she has been meaning to throw away.

## Tyrannical King Coke

The dinner party on Manhattan's fashionable East Side included all the chic refreshments. It began with perfectly mixed martinis, followed by a fine vintage French wine with the main course. With dessert, guests puffed the finest marijuana. Then, after coffee and cognac, the young hostess presented the evening's *pièce de résistance*: a glass jar filled with a white powder. "Would anybody like a hit of coke?" she inquired casually, as if offering another drink. Indeed they would. Recalls one of the guests: "I was so wrecked by the time I left that I could barely find my way to the next party. But when I got there, wow! I was really on top of it."

Not for long, of course. When a usual dose (one snort into each nostril) of cocaine wears off in about an hour, the user may have a hangover of depression. There are medical and legal hazards as well, possession of cocaine is a felony. These grim facts have not stopped some enclaves of the bored and beautiful set from making the inhaling of coke a status cult. Since cocaine for a dozen people can cost as much as \$600, depending on the quality and scarcity of the drug, the hostess of that recent East Side party was showing her friends that she really cared.

Trying to keep up with ostensible trend setters, bankers, lawyers, doctors and would-be socialites have also taken to snorting coke (also called snow,

## MODERN LIVING

freeze, flake, lady). The habit was in vogue decades ago, then fell out of style except among pop musicians, some other show-business types and the more prosperous prostitutes and procurers. Yet a recent Government study concluded that the use of coke is now more widespread than of heroin. The same survey estimated that 4.8 million Americans have sampled the drug.

The growth seems most dramatic among "respectable people." A Wall Street broker keeps coke in his wall safe. A New York advertising firm is said to impress clients by giving out small samples. A Hollywood film editor says that some movie and record companies pay for the stuff out of their operating budgets because "people won't work without their wake-up calls."



SNORTING COKE FROM SPOON



SCENE FROM "SUPER FLY"

Medical authorities disagree over whether cocaine is physically addictive. But there is no question that steady users can become psychologically tied to the drug and have a difficult time functioning normally when they try to give it up. Says a Boston real estate executive: "It got so that I couldn't imagine life without it." Because the drug has a relatively short effect, cokeheads tend to keep going back for more. Bill Schwartz, an assistant supervisor in a New York drug treatment program, warns: "If you and some friends have \$1,000 worth on the table, you just keep on and keep on until it is gone, just like eating salted peanuts."

A frequent side effect of heavy use is bleeding from the nose, a result of injury to nasal membranes. Snow can also cause hyperactivity and damage to the nervous system. Many long-term users have suffered psychotic symptoms, such as imagining insects crawling under their skin. Still, snorting cocaine is not as bad as injecting it into a vein; a main-lined overdose can literally freeze respiration and stop the heart—permanently. Considering these hazards, the king of drugs, as cocaine is often called, is something of a tyrant.

Then why the fad? For one thing, smoking pot has become commonplace, even passé, and some people look for new thrills. For another, coke is a powerful stimulant that helps the jaded to forget their ennui. The stimulating effects were discovered by Andean Indians, who for centuries have been chewing coca leaves, the source of cocaine, to help them endure cold and hunger. South America is still the source of most cocaine.

"It's a dynamite high," says a Boston dealer who carries a pistol because of the trade's hazards. "You feel like Adam, and God is blowing life into your nostrils." Some users claim that it has aphrodisiac properties. Cokeheads typically talk a lot, feel energetic and self-confident until the drug wears off.

**High Costs.** Most important to the new users is coke's current status as an "in" drug. "It's the height of fashion," says a well-heeled snow freak, "because it shows success." A "spoon" (usually half a gram) of cocaine costs between \$25 and \$50, and lasts an ordinary user just one evening. Heavy snorters spend several hundred a week. It is considered chic to inhale coke through a tightly rolled \$100 bill. Silver straws from Tiffany's, intended for crème de menthe, are also used. Expensive vials and snuffboxes are popular too. Priest, a coke-dealing hero of *Super Fly*—a film some authorities blame for increasing the drug's popularity—snorts from a tiny coke spoon. These dainty scoops, sometimes made of gold or silver and worn as jewelry, are enjoying a vogue of their own. One design in Manhattan is in the shape of a woman and sells for \$55. In Boston, a favorite variation takes the form of a crucifix—with the long end hollowed out.



## A black and white photograph of a Black family. In the foreground, a woman with her hair in a bun, wearing a headband and a light-colored jacket, is smiling and talking on a rotary telephone. Behind her, a man in a dark leather jacket is holding a large suitcase. A young boy in a plaid suit is holding a doll. A small dog is visible in the bottom left corner.

It's our late-night and early-morning one-minute rate for all long distance calls you dial direct without an operator assisting you.

And it won't cost very much. Even coast-to-coast. New York to Los Angeles, for instance, is only 35¢, plus tax (additional minutes are 20¢ each)\*

At AT&T and your local Bell Company, we want you to know all the ways to use your phone so you can save money. That includes using our late-night one-minute rate and dialing all long distance calls direct.

[illegible]

## Cops and Comedy

TV programmers are like astrologers: every spring they nervously plan for the future by trying to predict what the viewing public will be buying in the fall. Since they all follow the same arcane guidelines, the Nielsen ratings, their predictions are usually much alike. As the networks completed their fall lineup last week, the pattern was clear: cops and comedy—and precious little in between.

**Changes.** NBC, which finished up the current season\* slightly behind CBS, announced the biggest changes, with the introduction of nine new shows. Its old Tuesday night lineup, which included a movie and rotating news and documentary specials, will be thrown out entirely, and three crime-oriented hours will take its place. Four half-hour situation comedies will go into the schedule to replace such shows as *Laugh-In*, which is now only a tired reminder of the hit of the '60s, and *Circle of Fear*, which tried to be ghostly but was never more than ghostly. In *The Magician* Bill Bixby, in the title role, plays a top-hatted Robin Hood who aids the distressed when he is not pulling rabbits out of hats. Comedian Dom DeLuise will play a clerk in the lost and found department of a New York bus line. Like such hits as *All in the Family* and *Sanford and Son*, the new show, *Lotsa Luck*, has been adapted from an English series. *The Girl with Something Extra* is billed as a romantic comedy series about a young bride who has one funny problem—she can read people's minds. The woman with something extra will be Sally Field, who a few seasons ago was a flying nun in an ABC comedy. It is easier, it seems, to kick the habit than dump inane scriptwriters.

As befits its success, CBS will do little tinkering with its formula. In a surprising but vastly appreciated decision, it will drop the atrocious *Bridget Loves Bernie*. Though the show began the season with high ratings—the result of following No. 1, *All in the Family*—it dropped steadily and was beginning to hurt the popular *Mary Tyler Moore Show*, which followed it. Viewers tend to stay with one network through the evening, and *Bridget's* continued presence, the programmers figured, was endangering CBS's ratings for all of Saturday night, which the network now dominates. In keeping with the overall trend, CBS will introduce two new half-hour comedies and four crime shows. The thrillers will include *Shaft*, with Richard Roundtree repeating his movie role as a flamboyant black private eye, and *Cojack*, starring Telly Savalas as "a tough but compassionate" cop. Savalas won acclaim this year in a similar

\*What used to be called "summer reruns" now begin as early as February.

role in CBS's *The Marcus-Nelson Murders*. Another thriller will bring Perry Mason back in a new series. Another Perry has to be found, however, since the old one, Raymond Burr, is busy fighting crime from his wheelchair on NBC's *Ironside*.

After waiting for the other two networks to reveal their lineups, ABC announced a carbon-copy schedule. Six shows were dropped, including the ever-boring *Julie Andrews Hour*, a visual Sominex that seemed to put most viewers to sleep. (Julie will, however, come back for six hours of specials.) A couple of with-it comedies were added: *Mr. and Mrs.*, a story about two married lawyers with a Women's Lib touch, and *Bob & Carol & Ted & Alice*, a sanitized TV version of the racy 1969 movie. Thursday night will be given over entirely to fast action, with *Kung Fu* and *The Streets of San Francisco*, two current series, and *TOMA*, which will star Tony Musante as a cop who "relies on his wits and imaginative disguises" to bring the varlets to justice. Every fourth week ABC will even give the viewer science fiction cops and robbers. In *Cyborg*, Lee Majors will play a test pilot whose body is rebuilt after a crash to make him a superman—and a super crimefighter. Since NBC put its long-running Western *Bonanza* out to pasture last year, Lorne Greene has taken off his spurs. Next season he will don a business suit to play the star of *Griff* for ABC. In keeping with next fall's guns and chuckles accent, *Griff* will be a former cop turned private detective. Who knows? With a little luck, he may even track down a good show or two in what sounds like the most unpromising season in years.

## Bad Beginning

"The fact that a film or a subject is controversial doesn't eliminate it from our lists," George Stevens Jr. said recently. It was a seemingly unassailable statement of policy for the American Film Institute, which Stevens heads, and it might very well have been read at the inauguration last week of the institute's new theater in Washington's Kennedy Center. Instead, it was only an ironic footnote. Stevens himself yanked out the very first new movie the theater had been scheduled to show, *State of Siege*. His reason: he thought that the film seemed to rationalize assassination. Directed by Constantin Costa-Gavras, the movie is a fictionalized account of the real-life killing of an American official in Uruguay. Calling Stevens' action bald censorship, directors of as many as a third of the films to be shown in the opening festivities withdrew, leaving Stevens with a blank screen to fill—and a perhaps lasting legacy of bitterness for the fledgling film institute.

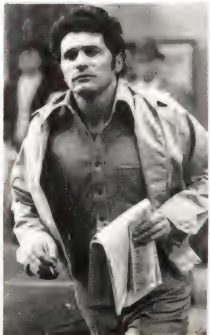


BIXBY &amp; AIDE IN NBC'S "THE MAGICIAN"



TELLY SAVALAS

ROUNDTREE IN CBS'S "SHAFT"



MUSANTE AS COP IN ABC'S "TOMA"

## Is There Intelligent Life on Commercials?

TO: 28°33' + X  
 FROM: 45° K29-14  
 RE: EXPLORATION OF MINOR PLANET

**W**E had intended to observe this little ball "RTH" for a longer period. But we developed engine trouble over Omega, and by the time we entered orbit, we were only getting six light-years to the gallon. In our brief visit, however, we discovered what generates those high-frequency signals that have been jamming our radio telescopes. It is a small box called TEEVEE, present in nearly every dwelling in the YEWESS, a small land area between two oceans.

TEEVEE is the display window of the national store. Its merchandise, like all valuable goods, is displayed against a plush but vapid background. This background is called PROGRAMMING and is of no importance. The key elements of the broadcast day (and night) are called SPOTZ. These SPOTZ are 30 seconds to 60 seconds long and cost their manufacturers about \$500 per second. Programs, by contrast, cost \$50 per second.

From observing SPOTZ we are able to report the following conclusions:

- ▶ The YEWESS is a vastly troubled land, emerging from a complex, ambiguous struggle against an implacable foe. The name of this enemy is WETNESS. New scientific weapons, however, go on like a powder and give unprecedented protection. Thus, for the first time in this soul-searing conflict, there is the fragile promise of peace.

- ▶ To amuse themselves YEWESSERS also sing and dance. To this end, the SPOTZ, which are also called commercials, sell them an entertainment called NOSTALJYA. According to the announcements, the top numbers for 1973 include *The Hut-Sut Song*, *Moonlight Serenade* and *The Woodpecker Song*. The year's most highly regarded artists are the Andrews Sisters and Snooky Lanson, singers; Sammy Kaye and Glenn Miller, bandleaders; and Woody Woodpecker, a bird.

- ▶ These ingenious people are bothered by many plagues. When the distress appears, the person moves in ten quick, jerky motions and booms: "No headache is going to make me yell at my son [or daughter]." Thereupon the victim takes a miraculous white tablet, which dissolves in the stomach faster than another tablet. Just 3.1 seconds later, this incredible pill enables the victim to change his outlook and handle the most difficult household chores with ease. Other tablets simultaneously drain all eight sinus cavities, rearrange the background music and style the hair in 3.2 seconds.

- ▶ If pain persists or recurs, YEWESSERS always see a physician.

- ▶ YEWESSERS are of various hues, but mix freely with no trouble whatsoever. In every SPOT involving the young, there is a ratio of 1.5 black children to 4.9 white ones. Their smiles are constant and blinding. At adult cocktail parties, the commercial ratio is 2.2 black couples to 6.8 white. They smile with equal candlepower.

- ▶ Some YEWESSERS dwell in apartments, where they live on either side of a flimsy medicine cabinet. All others live in white split-level houses. The males are cranky in the morning and astonished when the coffee is not bitter or the breakfast is palatable. Then they beam and demand to know

the name of the product, which they repeat nine times. The wives then proceed to their day, which consists of eight hours of unmitigated jealousy and fear. The jealousy is exhibited at wash time. During this period they stare enviously at their neighbor's laundry, which is always whiter—and the colored things brighter—than their own. With wide eyes, they then proceed to learn a series of mysterious monosyllables, among them Biz, Fab, Cheer, Dash, All and Bold. They do not exhibit fear until nightfall, or on weekend afternoons. At these points the MOTHER-IN-LAW arrives for a white-glove inspection of the home. This includes a revealing scrutiny of the kitchen (with its telltale odors), the male's collar (with its inevitable ring) and the salad (too vinegary). On the next visit, 3.8 seconds later, all is perfection, thanks to the intervention of a remarkable product that scents the air, sanitizes the collar, emulsifies the dressing, rearranges the background music and restyles everyone's hair.

- ▶ Children are encouraged to visit their father's place of business. There they interrupt proceedings with a ritual cry: "Only one cavity!" Children may also be seen in the early morning, when they ingest the seven essential vitamins every child needs for perfect health. Toward evening they grow pale and cough until a powerful potion brings speedy relief.

- ▶ YEWESSERS each chew 180 lbs. of gum a year. This was deduced from the size of the gum package (roughly 3 ft. in length).

- ▶ All YEWESS pets are fussy but highly literate eaters who meticulously examine the labels of their canned food before dining.

- ▶ YEWESSERS sing while eating and drinking. The song is usually an apostrophe to hamburger or a dithyramb dedicated to cola, un-cola or the beverage the citizens are forbidden to quaff on-camera: beer.

- ▶ After the singing and eating, the YEWESSERS are remorseful and repair to salons, where they shed unsightly pounds and inches with the aid of wonder-working machines.

- ▶ An elaborate etiquette prevails at supermarkets. Consumers are encouraged to squeeze the white bread and forbidden to squeeze toilet tissue. They are also urged to look for chickens by name, beef by price and coffee by reputation.

- ▶ All waitresses, dishwashers and plumbers supplement their incomes by peddling products to customers. These products range from paper towels to soaps, and are invariably superior to the leading brand.

- ▶ The YEWESS is really two nations. Citizens of one prefer the Pink Pad; citizens of the other buy the Blue one.

- ▶ The automobile is the greatest friend nature ever had.

Cars are affectionately named for animals (cougar, mustang, falcon, impala); gasoline keeps engines clean; and there are seldom more than three vehicles on the road at any time.

At this point in the time-space continuum, we found it necessary to re-enter the intergalactic void for our millennial tune-up. As for your query: Is there intelligent life on RTH? Having peered at length at the little windows, our answer must be negative. How about a visit to Jpiter? The only SPOTZ there are the ones caused by meteors.

■ Stefan Kanfer

CARTOON ILLUSTRATION BY BILL CHAPMAN





# Why some companies move faster than others.

## The long



Inefficiency is the thief of time. Money. And morale. For instance. If you're still doing paperwork by hand, here's just one example of what can happen:

Somebody has to type all those addresses:



fold whatever you're sending:



insert them into the envelopes.



and (ugh) lick all those envelopes:



and (ugh again) lick that many stamps; stick the stamps; and stack the envelopes



And what do you get? Bored people and slow paperwork.

And it could be happening all over your company right now.

And that's too bad, because paper is money. And slow-moving paper can cause hardening of your financial arteries. After all, the faster your bills and orders and invoices go out, the faster you get results back. Think about that.

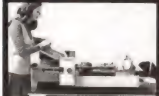
## and the short of it.

The easy way is also the efficient way. Pitney Bowes designs a system just for you in which:

Our Addresser-Printer imprints the addresses:



our Folder-Inserter folds and inserts in a flash:



our Postage Meter automatically prints the right postage: seals and stacks:



If you'd like your company to start moving faster, no matter how much or how little paperwork you handle, write Pitney Bowes, 1288 Pacific Street, Stamford, Conn. 06904 or call one of our 190 offices throughout the U.S. and Canada. Postage Meters, Mailing Equipment, Copiers, Counters and Imprinters, Address-Printers, Labeling and Marking Systems.



**Pitney Bowes**

Because business travels at the speed of paper.

## CINEMA

## Sweet Cheating

CLASS OF '44

Directed by PAUL BOGART

Screenplay by HERMAN RAUCHER

*Class of '44* is a quiet and quite possibly unconscious example of McLuhanism at work. It is an environment rather than a movie. No jagged element of plot or character is permitted to catch at the viewer's mind and disturb his agreeable reveries about the world as he falsely remembers its being three decades ago.

At the level of production, design and musical direction, the movie is quite cleverly done; it is no back-lot reconstruction of a nostalgically recalled world. Rather, the producers have sought out and found real streets and houses and a college campus where time seems to have stood shabbily, realistically still since the waning days of World War II. Into them they have carefully intruded the more transitory artifacts of the period—posters, cars, costuming—while placing behind it all a score composed mostly of period pop music—the schlock of easy recognition. The aim is to be realistic without being really, disturbingly real—a neat, subtly corrupting trick.

The story is a sequel to *Summer of '42*, that phenomenally popular pioneer of this peculiar territory. As everyone knows, the most earnest and self-consciously sensitive boy (who shares a given name with Screenwriter Raucher) of that long ago summer underwent the most significant rite of passage at the end of the film, when he was sexually initiated—tenderly, tastefully—by that older woman rarely encountered in real life but who absolutely throngs in the fantasy lives of all the sad young men growing up absurd in America.

Raucher gropes for a similar big finish for *Class of '44*; he is nothing if not game. He gives us a funny-awful high school graduation, an awful-awful fraternity initiation, the first attempt to cheat on an exam (and almost getting caught) and, of course, the troubles everybody has had "going steady" for the first time. This includes the apparently irresistible scene in which front-seat romance is punctured by awkwardly cramped positions and comical jabs from steering wheel and gearshift. Throughout, friends change and drift away, introducing young Hermie—played audioanimatronicly by Gary Grimes—and his buddy, Jerry Houser, to that sense of bewilderment and loss that is the only mood anyone seems to



GRIMES & HOUSER  
Is this life?

strive for in enterprises of this kind. The film reaches a choking climax when Hermie's father dies suddenly and he must confront mortality squarely, manfully. Naturally he gets drunk, has a fight and is rewarded by the return of his wandering girl friend. Life goes on.

But is this life? Not really. Because life is lived by individuals, not archetypes; it is composed of particular variants on the kind of generalized situations and emotions that Director Bogart

Smoking pleasure at a low...  
low price.



Reach...For a Deringer.  
The light filter tipped little cigar.



## Pleasure without end.

Whether the sun shines tomorrow, or it rains...

Whether you finally get delivery on your new car, or have to wait another week...

Whether alone, or in the company of friends...

We offer one very satisfying pleasure you can count on. J&B rare scotch. To celebrate or warm the uncertainties of life.

**J&B**  
**RARE**  
**SCOTCH**  
The Pleasure Principle

86 Proof Blended Scotch Whisky © 1973 Paddington Corp., N.Y.

### CINEMA

uses throughout this film. He permits nothing to provoke, only evoke. *Class of '44* is not a confrontation with our collective past but a mindless wallowing in it.

■ Richard Schickel

### Quick Cuts

"*BROTHER SUN, SISTER MOON*, I seldom see you, seldom hear your tune," warbles Donovan, the unseen balladeer whom Franco Zeffirelli has enlisted to lend a whiff of flower power to this overripe version of the life of St. Francis of Assisi. Zeffirelli's work looks like a Sunday-school coloring book: everything is glowingly photogenic, including poverty, and leprosy. His St. Francis (Graham Faulkner) is a dewy, light-stepping youth who recruits the young men of Assisi the way a rock singer might round up a band. Their rebellion against the opulent hypocrisy they see in the Roman Catholic Church is to run about in rags, looking radiant. In one scene they all get together in a church and sing a liturgical composition especially provided for the occasion by Donovan. Shortly after this holy hootenanny, local ecclesiastical authorities begin to be nasty to the Franciscans, killing one of the brothers. St. Francis and his friends promptly go to Rome, where they plead their case before Pope Innocent III (Alec Guinness). The Pope is moved by their presence to ruminate aloud: "In our obsession with original sin, we forget about original grace." Zeffirelli apparently has forgotten about both.

*WEDDING IN WHITE* has Jeannie (Carol Kane) as something of a simp, and her best friend Dollie (Bonnie Carol Case) something of a scamp with a talent for leading men on and turning them off. When a buddy of Jeannie's soldier brother Jimmie (Paul Bradley) makes a play for Dollie late one beery night, Dollie leaves in a huff. He (Doug McGrath) turns to Jeannie, takes her and warns her to stay quiet about it. He and Jimmie return to the army the next day. Jeannie is pregnant, her mother (Doris Petrie) hysterical, her father (Donald Pleasence) incensed. The father gets his best friend, a grizzled rummy named Sandy (Leo Phillips), to marry Jeannie and give her child a name. The actors are all stringently naturalistic, and Director-Writer William Fruet, setting his somber story in a provincial Canadian town during World War II, is scrupulous about details of place. He also takes care with even the shortest scene, the slightest gesture, and what power *Wedding in White* possesses draws from the impact of accumulated detail. Beyond some few grace notes of style, though, *Wedding in White* is a film without subtlety or surprise. Fruet's script is heavy and strident. This oblique anger, mingled with a certain pitilessness, makes *Wedding in White* a sort of supercilious soap opera, an attack with no sure target.

■ Joy Cocks


\$5 a week extra is no incentive to work. Would you work for it? Can you blame anybody who wouldn't? In fact, all those Americans who stay on low-paying jobs rather than go on welfare deserve a lot of credit. And we believe they deserve something more. Like a chance. A *real* chance.

We're Advance Schools, Inc. An independent-study education company. We teach modern job skills. Through the mail. To nearly 90,000 active students who are convinced they have a chance. Our business began 35 years ago. And today has grown to be a full-fledged, educationally sound teaching method that produces real results.

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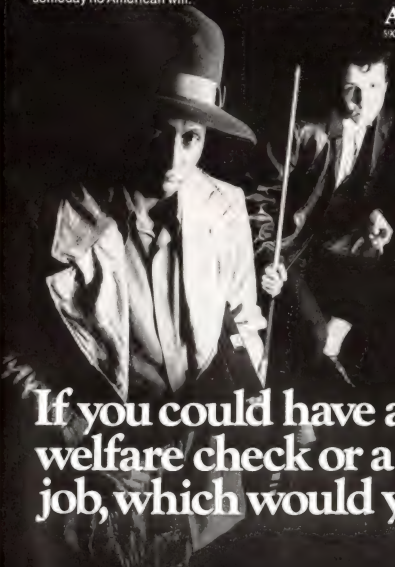
Sixty-six per cent of the graduates who replied to our 1972 survey reported that they were working either full or part-time in a field related to their ASI training.

Welfare check? Or paycheck? No American should have to make a decision like that. And if we, and others like us, can muster the talent, resources and support necessary to do the job, maybe someday no American will.

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A new school of thought.



**If you could have a \$57 a week welfare check or a \$62 a week job, which would you choose?**



## SECOND THOUGHTS ABOUT MAN—III

## What the Schools Cannot Do

*This is the third of a four-part series in which TIME examines what may be the beginning of a pendulum swing away from liberalism, rationalism and scientism. In the first part of the series, TIME's Behavior section discussed "the rediscovery of human nature" by behavioral scientists. In the second, the Religion section considered the decline of interest in secular problems and the renewed search for the sacred. This week the Education section examines recent reappraisals of some of the purposes, methods and results of schooling.*

FOR generations, the schools have had a mission in the U.S. that went well beyond simple learning. Writing in 1848, Horace Mann declared that education was "the great equalizer of the conditions of men—the balance-wheel of the social machinery." Most Americans would readily agree. To Mann and those who followed him, the public school system was what made U.S. democracy possible and guaranteed its prosperity as well.

In enshrining education, Mann built upon a Western tradition rooted in the Enlightenment. John Locke believed that all minds at birth were blank slates and all children were equally and infinitely educable. To Rousseau, education made men good, and through them made society better. But for the most part in England and France those notions remained only ideals, kept from fulfillment by the twin barriers of social class and privilege. In the New World, however, they flowered into a secular religion. Ragged immigrants were supposed to be molded into Americans through their education, which provided even the poorest child with the opportunity, in theory, for a rich and happy life.

For many educators and policymakers, this exalted conception of education has paled in recent years. They have begun to question whether schools are really the instruments of equality they were thought to be—and to wonder whether there are elements in man that are beyond the reach of education. Other doubts have arisen as well. In many schools there is a tempering of the recent enthusiasm for "open education," a new version of the progressive movement of the '30s. And finally there is debate about the purpose of a college education, which had come to be looked on rather narrowly as insurance for eventual careers with at least some status as well as good pay. The underemployment—if not unemployment—of many graduates today has contributed to quiet reappraisals of the monetary value of their education.

The crisis of doubt about education as an equalizer began in the '60s after it became obvious that the schools were not performing their historic function for black and Spanish-speaking Americans. At first, most educators believed that all that was needed was a series of reforms. Thus schools were to be integrated to wipe out unequal facilities. Compensatory education programs like Head Start and Title I of the Elementary and Secondary Education Act of 1965 were to help poor children do as well as middle-class children.

Billions of dollars were spent in the name of those reforms, but very little concrete evidence of success could be found. Rand Corp. researchers, for example, discovered that for every study identifying a school program that worked, another equally good study conclud-

ed that the practice was ineffective. To many observers, the discouraging results did not mean that the reforms had failed, just that more time—and better-run programs—were needed. Others concluded, however, that the fault lay in expecting so much from education. They began to doubt whether any amount of money or reform could enable schools to transform their students into equal and prosperous citizens. Some critics questioned whether that was even a proper goal for schools, arguing that poverty is better attacked directly, through such means as income redistribution.

The most impressive evidence of the schools' inability to reshape society came in 1966, when Johns Hopkins Sociologist James S. Coleman finished a massive report on the differences between schools attended by whites and those attended by minorities. Analyzing studies involving more than 600,000 children and 60,000 teachers in 4,000 schools, Coleman concluded that there were far fewer differences in physical facilities, curriculums and teachers than anyone had suspected. Moreover, he found that the most variation in the achievement of students occurred not between schools but within the same school. His conclusion: "Family-background differences account for much more variation in achievement than do school differences."

The Coleman report was virtually ignored at first. In time, however, its conclusions reached out to critics like Berkeley Education Professor James Guthrie, who attacked Coleman's evidence as unreliable "dirty data" involving the wrong kind of tests, a biased sample of schools and a too narrow definition of school "effectiveness." Nevertheless, Coleman's line of reasoning gradually gained acceptance by a number of policymakers who concluded, rightly or wrongly, that spending money on schools made less difference than was formerly believed.

Coleman's report also sparked a new study to determine how much effect schooling has on students' future income. In a book

## OPEN EDUCATION IN N.Y.: NO PANACEA BUT A STEP TOWARD MUCH NEEDED DIVERSITY





published last fall (*Inequality: A Reassessment of the Effect of Family and Schooling in America*), Sociologist Christopher Jencks and seven Harvard colleagues concluded that even if all children could be made to do equally well in equally good schools, that achievement would not erase economic inequality.

The Harvard scholars argued that economic success is not primarily due to the kind of schooling a person has but "to luck or to subtle, unmeasured differences in personality and on-the-job competence." Thus if social policymakers want to end economic inequality, they must attack the problem by such means as paying income supplements to the poor, providing them with more free services, or forcing employers to lessen the enormous gap between the wages of their best-paid and worst-paid workers.

Jencks's work was assailed on all sides—for drawing mostly on Coleman's dirty data, for examining only that narrow spec-

due to environmental disadvantages. His main point is that the inheritability of intelligence can lead to a rigid class stratification in a meritocratic society. Achieving equal opportunity in education might well lead to greater inequalities in society than we now suffer, he argues: the more easily the intelligent and able individuals can rise in society and displace dull ones—of any color—the more important will inherited differences become.

Just such a scenario was imagined in 1958 by English Sociologist Michael Young, who coined the word meritocracy. By the year 2020, Young wrote in a fable called *The Rise of the Meritocracy, 1870-2033*, tests were given to three-year-old children to determine what schools they would go to and how high they would rise in society. Each occupation had a requisite IQ—to be a psychologist or sociologist required a score of 160. Inter-marriage of the most intelligent people assured their children top rank.



CHILDREN AT SCHOOL. DOES EQUALITY OF EDUCATIONAL OPPORTUNITY HELP OR HURT?

trum of human abilities measured by IQ and achievement tests, for using error-prone methods of analysis. To M.I.T. Economist Lester Thurow, writing in the current *Harvard Educational Review*, Jencks's book is an intellectual dead end whose conclusions can be summarized as "Nothing affects anything." Nevertheless, it added mightily to the argument that "equality of opportunity" to go to good schools is far from a panacea.

Even before Jencks published his findings, there were other reasons for questioning the effectiveness of equal opportunity. Its corollary, meritocracy—a system under which people are rewarded not on the basis of birth but of hard work and ability—had long been the goal of egalitarians. But if people's abilities were mostly determined by heredity, not education or even home environment, a meritocracy would tend to permit only the genetically well-endowed to rise to the top. In that case, a meritocracy would be no fairer than an old-fashioned aristocracy.

For the past few decades, the topic of genes had been avoided by most educators because of its political implications. Then in 1969 Berkeley Psychologist Arthur Jensen published an essay arguing that genes were largely responsible for the average 15-point IQ difference found between American blacks and whites. Of the factors that determine IQ, he contended, 80% are hereditary and only 20% environmental. Jensen's thesis was seized upon not only by white-supremacists but by some schoolmen anxious to excuse their own failures.

A stormy controversy followed, which has been stirred up further by Harvard Psychologist Richard Herrnstein. He agrees that intelligence is largely inheritable, but he pointedly limits his discussion to individual IQs of people of whatever race. The difference in IQs between blacks as a group and whites as a group that Jensen attributed primarily to genes, Herrnstein believes is

Herrnstein sees this vision as the coming shape of America. Not so Geneticist Theodosius Dobzhansky of the University of California at Davis. In a new book, *Genetic Diversity and Human Equality*, Dobzhansky agrees with Herrnstein that the present trend toward making people's environments—and educations—equal will cause hereditary differences to loom larger. And IQs are indeed largely inheritable, Dobzhansky says, citing 50 independent studies in eight different countries. But even if intelligent people intermarry and have intelligent children, the IQ is a narrow concept and there are many other traits that make people successful or unsuccessful. Therefore Dobzhansky denies that a meritocracy would lead to a permanent caste system, as Herrnstein feared. "The caste system in India was the grandest genetic experiment ever performed on man," writes Dobzhansky. For more than 2,000 years the Indians tried to induce "genetic specialization" for different kinds of work, and they failed. All castes today contain highly intelligent people. An Untouchable serves as Defense Minister in Indira Gandhi's Cabinet.

To Dobzhansky, the merits of making educational opportunity more nearly equal outweigh the possible dangers. But, that does not mean sending everyone to the same kind of school. Any inherited trait, he emphasizes, can be enhanced or stunted by upbringing or training. Different people, carrying different genetic endowments, should have different environments in order for their talents to blossom. "A potential musical virtuoso is denied opportunity to develop his powers if he is prevented from entering a conservatory of music and is obliged instead to undergo the same training as, for example, future engineers."

In Herrnstein's view, too, schools should use tests to uncover children's inherited strengths and build on them, instead of acting as "a pipeline through which society tries to generate talent

## EDUCATION

where there is none. Those not gifted should learn a trade."

The shape of the economy today argues in less theoretical terms for an open-minded attitude toward learning such skills as welding and carpentry instead of, or along with, philosophy and history. The Bureau of Labor Statistics has estimated that only 20% of the jobs in the 1970s will require education beyond high school. Yet the Carnegie Commission on Higher Education forecast last week that two-thirds of America's high school graduates will be continuing their schooling. Already, according to the commission, nearly 30% of male graduates of four-year colleges are in blue-collar, sales and clerical jobs. There seems likely to be even more serious underemployment of talent in the future. In fact, the U.S. Department of Health, Education and Welfare projects that over the next decade an average of 2½ people will be competing for every job that actually requires a college education.

That dismal prospect has already caused many young people to opt for job skills instead of the liberal arts. Enrollments at vocational schools have boomed, and the schools' image has somewhat improved. Declares D. Reid Ross, director of the St. Louis Regional Industrial Development Corp.: "Vocational education is no longer for dummies and ding-a-lings." His organization has devised television commercials and a 13-minute film to sell the idea that "no openings exist in the job market for a degreed but unskilled person." The film lauds training in welding, carpentry and drafting as "great for people who want to get out on their own and earn enough money to be independent and happy."

The idea of a two-track system still strikes many people as reactionary, suggesting the classbound education of Europe. Even in the unlikely event that the status of different jobs could be ignored, not many schoolmen—or parents—are willing to test young children and firmly pack the less intellectual ones off to vocational school. Such a step belies the American credo that everyone should go to high school and have the opportunity to go on to higher education. To many, it adds up to an assault on equality. Still, the notion that there should be more choices in education is taking hold at all levels.

At the elementary level, the most talked about recent trends have been the free-school movement and open education. Both are loosely based on the idea, as expressed by Rousseau and developed more fully by Psychologist Jean Piaget and others, that children are innately curious and can learn at their own speed with a minimum of direction from their teachers. No one has disproved this principle, but it has turned out to be difficult to put into practice. Free schools (which often charge tuition—"free" refers to the system of teaching) are usually the creation of liberal or radical parents who want to give their children alternatives to what they consider the stultifying effects of traditional schooling.

Many are excellent schools but often fail within a year or so for lack of money or leadership. The numbers of children involved have never been large—perhaps one-tenth of 1% of the nation's students—and the movement is now leveling off.

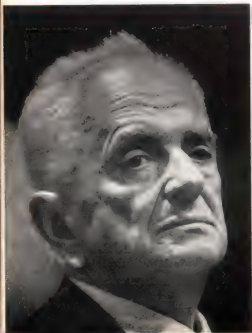
Not so the interest in the open classroom, the flexible way of teaching that is sweeping the public schools. Usually, fixed rows of desks and fixed weekly lessons are abandoned. Children roam from one study project to another, theoretically following their native curiosity and learning at their own uneven rates. The new principles are reminiscent of John Dewey's progressive philosophy of 40 years ago. Open education, however, emphasizes new discoveries about how children learn, uses more teaching materials and gives the teacher a more difficult task—to know just when the child is ready for his next stage of development. The movement is growing so rapidly that few teachers are prepared for it—and even fewer parents. Says Roland Barth, an elementary school principal in Newton, Mass.: "Most parents view open classrooms as a risky, untried experiment with their children's lives—a gamble best not taken." In a new book, *Open Education and the American School*, he warns that as the new system is now being applied, children are too often taught such subjects as weaving and photography at school, and the three Rs at home by their weary parents.

**A**S for college, the "free university" movement, with its student-designed courses in Hermann Hesse's novels or radical politics, has fizzled out. There is a general sense that everything is back to normal on the nation's campuses—that young people have happily gone back to their books after all the malaise and general hell-raising of the late '60s. But actually the discontent has not disappeared; it has only become less strident. Although there were large increases in the numbers of women and blacks in last fall's freshman classes, the rate of college attendance among white males is the lowest in eight years. Of the nation's white 18- and 19-year-old youths, 47.3% were in college in 1969; in the fall of 1972, that percentage dropped to 39.6%.

The lessened value of a degree on the job market, as well as the end of the draft, largely accounts for this declining enrollment. But there is another factor. Emory Sociologist Abbott L. Ferriss points also to the large and growing number of "drop-outs, not just from school but from society—a hang-loose generation." There are now about 200,000 young men who are not in school but are not working. "Pinning down exactly what these young people are doing is very difficult," says Ferriss. "But the current suggestions are that they won't pick up college later."

At Harvard, the number of students on leave has grown from 200 to 300 in three years. Explains the Rev. James E. Thomas, senior tutor of Harvard's Adams House: "Sometimes students feel

GENETICIST THEODOSIUS DORZHANSKY



STUDENT JOHN ALSOP IN HIS LOG CABIN: IN SEARCH OF WISDOM AND SEASONING



**She said, "Frigidaire has a new washer and dryer  
for less than '340'!"**  
**He said, "I'll believe it when I see it!"**



\*Manufacturer's Suggested Retail Price, the washer \$199.95, the dryer \$133.95.

Now you may be wondering how a company with standards as high as Frigidaire could put everything you need into a washer and dryer and suggest that they be sold at such a low price: Manufacturer's Suggested Retail Price, the washer \$199.95, the dryer \$133.95.

First of all, we didn't build them terribly big and bulky. Each is only two feet wide, yet they can easily handle more than the average wash load. (Believe it or not, today's average load is only 5.4 pounds.)

On the washer, one dial adjusts to four wash and rinse temperature combinations, the other, a 2-cycle timer, provides the right agitation and

spin speeds for all washing needs.

Our dryer has an easy to reach lint screen and a timed drying cycle dial that includes a final five minutes of tumbling without heat to help keep the wrinkles from setting in your permanent press fabrics.

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Tell your husband about Frigidaire's new washer and dryer. And if he says he'll believe it when he sees it, just remind him to bring along his checkbook.



**Every Frigidaire  
is not a refrigerator.**



# Marlboro

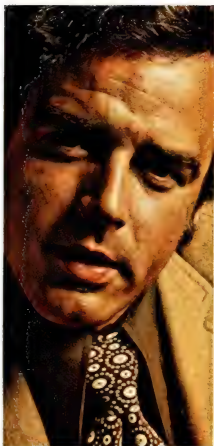






Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined  
That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.





# 'So that's what they mean by True Bourbon!'

*That's what we  
mean, all right. The rich  
aroma... the smooth  
and mellow taste.*

*The sip-by-sip  
satisfaction that  
tells you that you've  
made the right bourbon  
choice with Ten High.*

*In terms of quality,  
in terms of enjoyment  
... Ten High is the  
true bourbon value.*

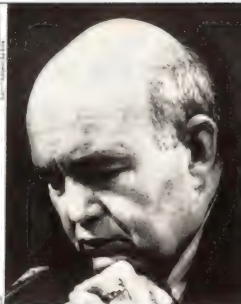
*From Hiram Walker.*

**TEN HIGH**  
Tried and True





ARCHITECT PAOLO SOLERI & FUTURISTIC CITY: A SOCRATIC APPROACH TO EDUCATION



SOCIOLOGIST JAMES S. COLEMAN

they can't do something fairly elementary without first answering a number of grand metaphysical questions."

Joyce Maynard, 19, a "stop-out" from Yale, writes in her book *Looking Back: A Chronicle of Growing Up Old in the Sixties*: "We're all in search of sages. What's really going on is our search for a prophet, for someone who can, for a change, tell us the answers." This search is partly responsible for the popularity among youth of Carlos Castaneda's books on the Yaqui sage Don Juan (TIME cover, March 5). "Don Juan probably represents the return to some appreciation of traditional wisdom," says Presbyterian Theologian Sam Keen. "With the worship-of-youth cult of the past 15 years, we lost sight of one of the aspects of education. There is now a return to the relationship of student to master, to the belief that there is something that somebody who is over 30 knows, and it may be more than what people under 30 know. There are mysteries into which the old must initiate the young, and not merely the other way round. I guess we are coming to believe in seasoning again."

**I**n search of such seasoning, John Alsop, 21, a nephew of the syndicated columnists Joe and Stewart Alsop, journeyed to the woods of Maine. A graduate of Groton, John dropped out of Yale after one month. He has now enrolled at Colby College in Maine, in part because it gives him a chance to spend weekends with "the best teacher I've ever had," a craggy 75-year-old Maine logger named Ambrose Wintle. From him Alsop learns the arts of sharpening axes, chopping trees and building log cabins, and absorbs a practical, earthy philosophy. Other students, too, have taken what amounts to a latter-day Socratic approach to education. They cluster around teachers like Paolo Soleri, working as laborer-apprentices in Soleri's attempt at his Cosanti Foundation in Arizona to redesign urban civilization.

William Irwin Thompson, an ex-professor of the humanities at M.I.T., suggests that parents should save the money they are wasting on "elaborate campus containers" and simply give their 18-year-olds \$3,000 apiece. The teen-ager could then publish a book, join friends in starting a farm or simply put the money in the bank until he is 28, which Thompson believes is the right age for entering a university. Other educators are suggesting the abandonment of schools—and the degrees they confer. Led by John Holt (*How Children Learn*) and Ivan Illich (*Deschooling Society*), they would replace compulsory schooling with learning centers that simply put people who want to learn a particular skill in touch with those who can teach it. Argues Holt: "Schools should be like a public library, movie theater or art gallery—simply there for the purposes that people want to use them for. They should have taken away from them their monopoly on the credentializing, the legitimizing of skill and learning. They've got to

get out of the business of deciding what people must learn."

The deschoolers' ideas have been tried out for two years in Evanston, Ill., by two doctoral dropouts from Northwestern, Bob Lewis and Denis Detzel, who also studied with Ivan Illich. In two years their Learning Exchange has put 6,000 students in touch with informal teachers of such subjects as German classics, Camus, African music, Hinduism and auto mechanics. Fourteen more exchanges modeled after Evanston's have since sprung up in the U.S., as well as two abroad.

Not many people would favor abandoning schools entirely. Retaining them, however, does not mean that students cannot work while they learn. Such an idea appeals to James Coleman, who in the years since he published his controversial study has been thinking about what schools should do. He advocates not abolishing them but reducing their responsibilities, which he believes have become overwhelming and unrealistic. The family used to play a major part in the education of the young, he points out. Now, however, both father and mother are often away at work. "The home closes down during the day," notes one economist. Meanwhile, children are seldom hired even for part-time jobs, and the role of the school has been enlarged "to fill the vacuum that changes in the family and workplace created."

But the passive student role is not suitable for all kinds of learning, and many youths get restless. "Shielded from responsibility, they become irresponsible," says Coleman. Somehow businesses and other enterprises should be paid to take adolescents on, teach them skills and give them a broad contact with adults that they now never have. Meanwhile, their schooling would continue elsewhere—reduced to the teaching of straight intellectual skills. Says Coleman: "I would characterize this approach as a breaking apart of the school." It would also be a new approach to racial and class integration. When a child has a number of educational settings, he says, not all of the settings have to be integrated.

Coleman's conception is tentative, as are most other proposed replacements for America's present school system. Indeed, there are almost as many visionary notions about what education's future shape should be as there are school critics. Diversity, however, is precisely what is called for. A respect for the differences in students' backgrounds and interests must guide colleges and universities as they, too, rethink their objectives. Since it is readily apparent that their degrees no longer ensure top jobs, colleges and universities must offer students far more than credentials. They must become more concerned with enhancing their students' lives—with helping a Maynard find wisdom or an Alsop acquire seasoning. Education may not be "the great equalizer of the conditions of men," as Horace Mann hoped, but it can still serve as a "balance-wheel of society" if it offers students different routes to follow according to their individual abilities and aspirations.

# **“Why should any more nuclear power plants be built now?”**

Today, about 44% of America's electric power is generated with coal as the fuel. Natural gas accounts for about 23%. Water power for 17%. Oil for about 14%. Nuclear fuel for about 2%.

Even though coal reserves are vast, they are not great enough or accessible enough to generate the major share of the electricity needed for the future.

Reserves of oil and natural gas are far more limited than coal. As a consequence, these fuels will play a smaller and smaller relative role in power generation in the years ahead.

As far as water power is concerned, there are few untapped hydroelectric sites in accessible locations.

As a result, nuclear power must be depended upon for a greatly increased share of the nation's power generation.

## **How good is it?**

Nuclear fuels are relatively plentiful. And when you include the use of nuclear fuels in “breeder” reactors and nuclear fusion, the supply is practically inexhaustible.

Nor does a nuclear plant emit products of combustion.

As for economy, nuclear plants cost more to build, but their operating costs are generally lower.



On balance, then, nuclear power is good.

#### **How safe is it?**

Nuclear plants do, of course, use radioactive fuel. But the plants are designed to contain those fuels safely. Attesting to the safety of the plants, there has never been a nuclear accident in any of the 30 commercially operating nuclear power plants.

Nuclear plants do add a barely perceptible amount to the natural background radiation, but it is only a tiny fraction of the radiation in the atmosphere we are all exposed to every day.

As for fears of atomic explosions, they are without basis in fact. Such explosions have to be carefully engineered. It is impossible to produce a nuclear blast in a generating station reactor.

#### **What about waste disposal?**

Nuclear fuels are long lasting, but they do not last forever. So they have to be replenished and the spent fuels disposed of.

Salvageable material is transferred in specially designed, heavily shielded containers which are shipped to a fuel reprocessing plant so that valuable materials can be recovered. Any remaining radioactive waste is sealed in shielded cylinders and stored under stringent safety regulations set by the U.S. Government. The space required

for storing radioactive waste from nuclear power plants is surprisingly small. For example, the waste over 30 years from a typical one-million-kilowatt plant could be contained in a space 10 feet high by 10 feet wide by 30 feet long.

Water used for condensing the steam in a nuclear power plant must also be discharged in some way. This water, which is usually released into a river, lake or the sea, presents no significant radioactive hazard.

#### **Can nuclear plants be built fast enough?**

Nuclear power plants can not be built fast enough right now to fill all the needs for power. The electricity needed for continued progress in science, medicine, education, in the control of pollution, and in providing jobs is so great we can't depend on nuclear power to do it all. We must build many types of plants in many different kinds of places.

But to conserve fossil fuels and safeguard the environment, we must move ahead with nuclear power plants as fast as possible.

To do this, we need your understanding of nuclear power's safety and special benefits.

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OIL

## The Growing Gasoline Gap

CASSANDRAS of the energy crisis have long warned that some day gasoline rationing would allow only a few gallons per customer and that autos, buses, police cars and fire trucks across the nation would be stranded for lack of fuel. Suddenly, some day seems ominously close. Many parts of the country are, in fact, short of gasoline and diesel fuel. The scarcities threaten to persist, at least in some localities, throughout the peak summer driving season.

Texaco, the nation's largest marketer of gasoline, is already allocating its distributors only as much fuel as they

gle Oil Co. of Chico, Calif., closed six outlets last month; Gibbs Oil Co., a 350-station chain in the Northeast, has shut 15 stations and may put others on short hours. Eleven Sears, Roebuck & Co. outlets around Miami have begun to limit motorists to ten gallons per visit. Metro 500 of Minneapolis has temporarily closed 16 of its 17 stations, and Owner Paul Castanguay is keeping the sole survivor open only by stealth: late at night he drives his tank truck to major-brand stations where friends will secretly sell him a few gallons, on which Castanguay makes no profit.

Refineries are simply not turning

have contrived the shortage to force them out of business, drive up prices, and silence environmental critics. They note bitterly that despite the gas shortages last week the nation's refineries worked at only 88.7% of capacity, the lowest level since last November.

Spokesmen for the major oil companies claim that refinery runs are down because their stocks of unrefined crude oil are dwindling in the face of a worldwide tightness of supply. Lowered gasoline output also reflects the fact that last winter oil companies shifted much refinery capacity to production of home-heating oil; they are just beginning to switch back. In addition, the Cost of Living Council last month reimposed mandatory price controls and profit-margin limits on the petroleum industry; one effect is to discourage many refiners from importing expensive foreign crude to augment their supplies. Further exacerbating the problem, environmentalists have recently blocked construction of new refineries that they feared would cause ecological damage along the coasts of California, Delaware and the Gulf of Mexico.

Executives of major oil companies suggest a number of predictable remedies for the shortage: raise the oil-depletion allowance so that they can afford to spend more money on exploration; lift price controls so that they can raise gasoline prices to levels that would discourage consumption; and delay proposed federal antipollution standards that seem likely to cut auto gas mileage.

**Pools.** In Minnesota, where at least 113 independent stations have closed already, the state legislature has taken another tack. It is considering a bill that would force major oil companies to sell independents at least 10% of all gasoline brought into the state. In Washington, D.C., Darrell Trent, acting director of the Office of Emergency Preparedness, suggests that commuters form car pools or take public transportation to work and that states reduce highway speed limits because cars consume less fuel at lower speeds.

Many independent marketers favor removing all restrictions on imports of foreign oil. President Nixon is unlikely to go that far, but he is expected shortly to replace quotas, at least temporarily, with a tariff system that would permit much more crude oil to be imported at higher prices. If that step is taken, Administration officials are convinced that the nation can get through the summer suffering nothing worse than localized gasoline shortages and some rise in prices. There is one major hitch: if refineries produce enough gasoline to meet peak demand this summer, they may have to curtail heating-oil output enough to threaten more chillouts next winter.



SERVICE STATION IN WINCHESTER, MASS., SHUT DOWN BY GAS SHORTAGE  
Suddenly, the someday of rationing seems all too close.

received last year, even though demand is up. Gulf has declined to continue supplying diesel fuel to the Metropolitan Atlanta Rapid Transit Authority, and the city's 606 buses will be stalled if another supplier cannot be found by April 30. For the first time in memory, authorities in Des Moines and Boston have not received a single bid for contracts to supply city vehicles. Boston's police and fire departments have only enough gas to last through June.

Independent oil marketers—the chains of off-brand stations that buy surplus gasoline and resell it at discount prices—are being squeezed hardest as major oil companies save what gas they have for their own stations. White Ea-

son as much gasoline as motorists want to buy. Production currently is running around 42 million bbl. a week, but consumers are buying about a million barrels a week more than that. The excess is being siphoned out of gasoline inventories, which are about 16% below those of a year ago. This summer, demand is expected to hit 50 million bbl. a week. One main reason: manufacturers put nearly 11 million new cars on the highways last year, and more of them than ever before are equipped with air conditioning and other power options that reduce gas mileage.

Independent marketers, who have captured 22% of the retail gasoline trade, suspect that major oil companies





BURNED-OUT HOME OF RENT-CONTROL OPPONENT IN LYNN, MASS.

## CONTROLS

### Local Limits on Rent

When Phase III began on Jan. 11, federal rent controls were not loosened, they were abolished. Worried Congressmen are already trying to get them back on the books. Last week the House Banking Committee voted to roll back rents to the levels of Jan. 10. However the debate over federal rent controls is resolved—the White House still opposes them—a good many of the nation's renters will still have some protection against gouging on new leases. For the first time since World War II, a growing number of states and cities are passing their own rent-control measures.

Much of the pressure that forced the move has come not from tenement-jammed cities but from the suburbs, where the voices of leaseholders have usually been drowned out by a chorus of homeowners and real-estate men. Last week, ruling against a vigorous challenge to rent control mounted by landlords, the New Jersey Supreme Court upheld the right of municipalities to regulate rent prices. Some 26 towns—mostly bedroom communities near New York and Philadelphia—have already passed ordinances limiting increases on new leases to the amount necessary to reflect rises in taxes and the overall cost-of-living index, and dozens of other New Jersey communities are expected to follow suit. Outside Washington, D.C., Maryland's Montgomery County has limited rent increases to 7.5% annually, and landlords in northern Virginia stemmed local rent-control fever only by promising to hold down increases to 6%.

Massachusetts has reintroduced rent control recently in Boston and four of its suburbs, amid literally explosive controversy. In Lynn, an industrial community ten miles north of The Hub, the battle over a control law has esca-

lated into what Mayor Tony Marino calls "sort of a war." In mid-February, a grenade exploded outside a window of the city's most outspoken rent-control advocate, a Marxist-oriented community organizer; two weeks later, arsonists burned down a \$60,000 home belonging to a realtor who had led the fight against controls. No one was hurt in either incident, but the war is not over. Under intense pressure from real-estate owners, the Lynn city council has voted three times to disband the pro-tenant rent board; Mayor Marino, who sides with the renters, has vetoed the action every time.

Invariably, the pressure for control has followed rent increases that reflected a shortage of local housing. Such a situation can develop for widely varying reasons. Voters in Berkeley, Calif., passed a rent-control law after builders—fearing for property values in a city where radicals had gained a third of the seats on the council—cut back on new construction. Lynn's problems were caused primarily by the loss of 1,000 low-income rental units under urban-renewal programs, making vacant apartments harder to find. The market is tight in New Jersey largely because disaffected residents of New York are moving there in droves—despite the fact that more than 1,250,000 apartments in New York are still under rent-control provisions dating from 1943.

Landlords insist that control laws only exacerbate shortages since they nearly always cut down on an owner's profits and thus reduce his incentive to build new units. "Rent control never works," says New Jersey Senate President Alfred N. Beadleston. "For the poor it results in slums, and it makes crooks out of high-income tenants because they pass money under the table for choice apartments." That certainly seems to be the case over a long period. New York City apartment dwellers have long been used to passing "key

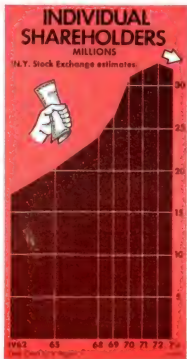
money" to vacating tenants of desirable apartments. Especially before the city made the law more flexible in 1969, some landlords were collecting such ridiculously low rents that they abandoned their buildings.

On the federal level, there is an added argument against rent control that may yet enable President Nixon to stop the congressional drive to enact it. Even some liberal economists contend that adapting federal standards to the bewildering variety of local housing conditions across the country is an administrative impossibility. But local laws are another matter, particularly in communities where a housing shortage has created an overwhelming temptation for landlords to gouge. In those areas, at least for a limited period of rapid inflation, rent controls may be an incapable necessity.

## WALL STREET

### A Private Depression

As the economy zips into the second quarter with production, profits and employment all rising, Wall Street continues to sink deeper into its private depression. Stock prices continue to drift downward; last week the Dow Jones industrial average closed at 931, off 121 points from its high of 1052 less than three months ago. Far more frightening to brokers, there are growing indications that a sizable slice of the public has been turned off stock investments. The latest New York Stock Exchange survey shows that in 1972—the very year in which the Dow Jones average



## ECONOMY & BUSINESS

finally cracked the magic 1000 barrier—the number of individuals who own stock dropped by 800,000, to 31.7 million. The decline was the first since the Big Board began its surveys in 1952.

The exodus of the individual investor has caused trading volume to shrivel to levels at which few brokers can make any money. Turnover on the New York Stock Exchange must run between 12 million and 17 million shares daily for most brokerages to break even; on two of the five trading days last week it slipped below the bottom end of that range. In the first two months of the year, the brokerage business as a whole suffered a loss of \$51 million, v. a \$250 million profit in the same period of 1972. Such big houses as Loeb, Rhoades and Shearson, Hammill are cutting their staffs; others like Drexel Firestone, Laird, Bissell and Estabrook are being forced into mergers with stronger firms. The crowning blow: last week two seats on the New York Stock Exchange sold for \$92,000 each—down \$3,000 from the last previous sale in March and off an embarrassing 82% from the record price of \$515,000 only four years ago.

**Fear.** One reason for public disenchantment with stocks is the lingering memory of the 1970 market plunge, which badly burned small traders. Some potential investors also fear that they will need all their money to meet the rising cost of living and are putting spare cash into banks rather than into stocks that might go down in value. There is also a widespread feeling among individuals that brokers have neglected them in order to court the big-block business of mutual funds, pension funds and other institutional investors. One tangible sign of that attitude: brokers have raised commissions on small trades by almost 50% in the past two years, at least partly to make up for the lower fees that they are getting from institutions, which can now bargain on commissions for trades worth more than \$300,000. As a result, an individual typically pays 60¢ in commissions to buy a share of A & T; an institution may pay only 6¢.

The situation has alarmed not only brokers but the heads of many companies whose shares are traded on stock exchanges. They fear that if trading is totally dominated by institutions the market will become erratic; for example, if several institutions decide to dump a stock at the same time, its price will plummet even though the company may be doing well. Heads of 250 corporations that are listed on the American Stock Exchange have now formed a Committee of Publicly Owned Companies that, among other things, will lobby against any further increase in commissions for individual investors or any further cuts for institutions.

The securities industry itself is stepping up efforts to woo the small investor back. The Amex, for example, is completing plans for its first nationwide ad campaign to sell individuals on the

merits of buying stock. A turnaround in prices—which is not an unreasonable expectation if the economy continues to boom—would surely help such efforts. But because brokers have done such a thorough job of convincing the small investor that he is not wanted, they face a long campaign before they change his mind.

## SCANDALS

### Ghostly Insurance

A little more than a month ago, Equity Funding Corp. of America was a rapidly growing conglomerate of financial services with a dazzling record of insurance sales. By last week, Equity and its largest insurance subsidiary were the center of one of the biggest business scandals in history, an unsavory mess that includes charges of false bookkeeping, large numbers of bogus insurance policies and the dumping of huge blocks of soon-to-be-worthless stock by company officers and other investors on the basis of inside information.

As swarms of auditors sift through company records, spreading revelations of fraud indicate losses of many millions. Though dozens of major banks, insurance companies and brokerage houses are involved, the biggest losers are likely to be holders of the company's 8,000,000 shares of outstanding stock, which was once worth \$80 a share but is now valued by some brokers at a round, dismal zero. At week's end, after three of Equity's top managers, including President Stanley Goldblum, had resigned, the company began bankruptcy proceedings.

The storm began to break around Equity four weeks ago—in a manner hardly calculated to reassure the expanding roster of investors who are becoming disenchanted with the stock market (see previous story). A former employee, Ronald H. Secrist, decided to blow the whistle. For some reason, Secrist told his story, not to the New York Stock Exchange or the Securities

and Exchange Commission, but to Raymond L. Dirks, an insurance specialist with the Wall Street research firm of Delfield Childs. Dirks first warned three of his firm's big clients holding Equity shares. Then Dirks confronted Equity with the charges. After that he got around to mentioning the matter to the SEC. Rumors of the company's difficulties began racing through the financial community, and big shareholders like Bankers Trust, Chemical Bank and Sears Pension Fund are said to have begun unloading. In eight days, the price of the stock was forced down from \$25 to about \$14. Because of the heavy selling, trading in Equity shares was halted by the New York Stock Exchange on March 27. By then, the SEC, along with insurance regulators from California, Illinois and other states, finally moved in to investigate.

The activities that they have uncovered add up to an astonishingly audacious business flimflam. In dire need of cash because of sagging mutual fund sales, the company's officials in 1969 devised what seemed to be a surefire way to get capital, brighten their balance sheets and keep their stock attractive. They began inventing fictitious insurance policyholders, putting them on the books and selling the phony policies to other companies that were in the business of reinsurance. Under this arrangement, the reinsurer pays the company that sold the policy \$1.80 for every \$1 it gets in premiums the first year. The buyer hopes to make a profit by later getting most of the premium money while the seller continues to service the policy. To get the money to pay the premiums for phantom policyholders, Equity had to sell greater amounts of fictitious insurance policies every year. That it did.

Eventually the bogus policies became an office joke as knowledge about them spread to an extraordinarily wide range of employees. Often on the eve of an audit by outside accountants, squads of employees would work through the night creating records for nonexistent policyholders. By the end

ANALYST DIRKS



EQUITY FUNDING STOCK CERTIFICATES



GOLDBLUM



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By not going to extremes, Volvo accomplishes more than cars that do.

Up front, a Volvo has as much legroom as a Cadillac DeVille. In back, as much as a Buick Electra.

Which gives Volvo the space and comfort of big cars like the one on the right. Instead of squeezing you into the ridiculously small space of little cars like the one on the left.

Yet a Volvo's turning radius is actually smaller than a VW Beetle.

Which means Volvo can maneuver in and out of parking spaces and traffic like little cars.

To call maneuverability a big-car specialty would be absurd.

And while a Volvo may not leave big cars behind in the dust, its fuel-injected 2 liter engine lets you move right out in the fast lane. Something that can't be said as quickly about little cars.

So instead of compromising by going to extremes, go halfway and get everything. Get a Volvo.

To get anything else would be either absurd or ridiculous.



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COMMON MARKET COMMISSION VICE PRESIDENT SIR CHRISTOPHER SOAMES  
A need for patience, cool tempers and creative intelligence.

of 1972, Equity carried more than \$6.5 billion worth of insurance on its books. Investigators now reckon that up to \$1 billion was fake. In Chicago, auditors have been unable to find \$24 million in bonds that Equity Funding listed as an asset. At one point they broke into a safe deposit box at the American National Bank and found it empty.

When the blowup came, Equity owed about \$55 million to such banks as First National City, Wells Fargo and Franklin National. The banks have a strong claim on corporate assets, and some of this debt is likely to be recovered. Authorities figure that there will also be enough to cover the benefits of the company's real, live policyholders. Less lucky are the reinsuring firms. Ranger National Life Insurance Co. of Houston, for example, could lose as much as \$8.7 million. Even such a sophisticated insurer as Hartford's Connecticut General carries about \$700,000 in Equity reinsurance policies. Another potential loser is Loews Corp., the big real estate and hotel firm, which bought 217,000 shares of Equity just before the scandal broke. Loews is now contesting its purchase and talking about suing the sellers. According to Wall Street sources, they were mainly clients of John W. Bristol & Co., a subsidiary of Boston Co.—which was one of the firms warned by Dirks.

## TRADE

### A Mellowing Mood

The U.S. and Europe have long seemed to be on a collision course over trade problems. In America powerful Administration officials and Congressmen have grumbled loudly that U.S. goods are often discriminated against abroad; protectionists have argued that the U.S. should restrict imports in retaliation. Across the Atlantic, politicians and officials of the Common Market

countries have commonly replied that the U.S. expects the rest of the world to pay for its own economic mismanagement by helping it to a trade surplus that it has done little to deserve. But now the mood has turned mellower on both shores of the ocean, raising hope that the two sides can substitute reason for rhetoric when they actually get to the bargaining table this fall for a new round of world-trade talks.

In Washington William Casey, Under Secretary of State for Economic Affairs, recently told a House subcommittee that he has found much common ground with Europe; he believes that "our relationships with the European Community are moving in the right direction." In Brussels last week, Sir Christopher Soames, a vice president of the Common Market Commission, amply justified Casey's optimism. Speaking to a conference of European and U.S. business leaders organized by TIME, he went out of his way to reassure the Americans on two hot trade issues: preferential trade agreements and what are called "reverse preferences."

Under preferential trade agreements, the Common Market grants products of certain countries—Moroccan oranges, say—especially easy access. In return reverse preferences would be extended to Common Market goods. The U.S. has long argued that the effect of such agreements is to restrict sales opportunities for American products—Florida oranges, for example—both in the Common Market and in neighboring countries.

Many of these agreements are with developing countries in Africa and along the Mediterranean, and Sir Christopher stressed that the Common Market still thinks it has a duty to help them. "Otherwise," he warned, "we run the serious risk of creating economic, followed by political vacuums, with all the dangers that that would involve for the Western world." But he added that "the Community does not seek to extend its

policy of association and preferential trade agreements beyond the limits which history and close geographical links have made necessary."

Sir Christopher also said that the Community will not make reverse preferences a condition of granting trade concessions to any country. In other words, the Common Market will lower or abolish tariffs against goods from certain friendly countries as it sees fit, without demanding that they grant the same breaks to Common Market goods. "Any Mediterranean country, any present associate [a nation that has an agreement with the Common Market], any new country will be free to use its own tariff sovereignty."

**Hint.** Turning to the trade talks that are to start later this year, Sir Christopher stressed that they should include "serious negotiation" on agriculture. He thus dropped the first hint that the Common Market is willing to discuss modifying its expensive and controversial farm policies, which are the source of another major U.S. trade complaint. By a combination of lavish subsidies and import taxes, the policies create large surpluses of some products—notably wheat, sugar and butter—and create artificial shortages of meat. The U.S. insists that these policies also operate to shut out American farm products that could be imported at prices that would lower the cost of food to the European consumer.

The general goal of this year's trade talks, said Sir Christopher, should be to liberalize world trade on a reciprocal basis. Speaking of relations between the U.S. and Europe specifically, he said: "We should seek together to do all we can to resolve sources of frictions between us and cement our various cooperative endeavors. Domestic pressures on both sides of the Atlantic will be exerted that could wreck what, between us, we hope to do. But given patience, cool tempers and creative intelligence, we should succeed." That is assuming quite a lot. The problems are highly technical and, on each side of the Atlantic, extremely emotional. But Sir Christopher's reasoned approach holds out hope for reasonable solutions.

## JAPAN

### Freeloaders' Paradise

With characteristic reverence for custom and ritual, the Japanese have perfected such arts as flower arranging, tea serving, paper folding—and now expense-account living. In recent years, The Land of the Rising Sun has become the land of the rising expense account, to an extent that might excite blind envy among U.S. businessmen, long noted for their expertise in that area.

Japanese businessmen spent some \$5 billion in mostly tax-exempt yen entertaining themselves and their clients

# How many times have you decided to give up smoking?

Nobody these days is telling you not to give up smoking.

But if you've given it up more times than you'd like to remember, the chances are you enjoy it too much to want to give it up at all.

If you're like a lot of smokers these days, it probably isn't smoking that you want to give up. It's some of that 'tar' and nicotine you've been hearing about.

So you tried cigarettes which were low in 'tar' and you found yourself checking every once in a while to see if they were still lit. Which drove you right back to your regular brand.

But now, there is Vantage.

Vantage cigarettes, either filter or menthol, have 12 milligrams of 'tar' and 0.9 milligrams of nicotine, considerably less than most cigarettes.

And what really makes Vantage special is our special filter which allows the tobacco flavor to come through.

Vantage isn't the lowest 'tar' and nicotine cigarette, but it sure is the lowest one you'll enjoy smoking.

And that's what makes all the difference.



Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

Filter and Menthol: 12 mg. "tar", 0.9 mg. nicotine—av. per cigarette, FTC Report Aug. 72.





**BUSINESS ENTERTAINMENT AT CLUB AZAMI IN OSAKA**  
Enduring hangovers for the company's sake.

last year—more than twice what the Japanese government spends on defense and at least 20% more than the outlay for education. The figure was up as much as 30% from 1971, which showed a 17% rise over the year before—despite a decline in Japanese corporate profits. About 17% of the country's gross national product now goes for corporate entertainment. So many salaried workers have expense accounts—including nearly every salesman—that the Japanese commonly refer to their country as *shayo tengoku*, or paradise for the corporate set.

**Tab.** Every important Japanese city from Kagoshima to Kushiro has its own throbbing neon-lit district of pubs, clubs and geisha houses that cater to the expense-account set. On Tokyo's Ginza alone, well-oiled businessmen drop some \$500 million yearly at more than 1,000 bars and restaurants. Prices effectively screen out patrons who have only their own money to spend: dinner for two at Osaka's Yamato-ya restaurant costs about \$230, while four Scotch-and-waters at a select Tokyo bar can run to \$120, including a tray of hors d'oeuvres and fruit juice for hostesses that the bar employs to keep conversation going. At Osaka's Club Azami, a patron simply signs a tab, the club bills his company, and the bill is paid with no questions asked. "I don't know how much I spend there," says the president of an Osaka chemical company. "Such details are only for the accounting department of my company to handle." Nor are big bosses the only ones to benefit. A 30-year-old salesman for a Tokyo construction company spends \$1,200 a month on entertainment, nearly twice his salary. "Some weeks I show up at the office with a hangover every morning," he says heroically. "But I have to endure it for the sake of my company."

A secret government investigation of 20 major companies not long ago uncovered information long familiar to other expense-account societies: any-

where from one-fifth to four-fifths of all entertainment expenditures are bogus. One hard-drinking salesman spent \$3,000 a month at 38 different bars; investigators found that he usually drank alone. An executive put his daughter's wedding—bridal kimono, banquet, honeymoon and all—on his expense account. In fact, it is common practice in Japan to phone a friend at another company and ask permission to use his name for some fictitious entertainment. "I have done it whenever I needed a stiff drink for myself and my staff after a long spell of hard work," admits Toshimichi Natsume, a former Fuji Film Co. executive. "Then a few days later the friend would call back to reciprocate. As the saying goes, samurai must always sympathize with each other." The next step, as many an American could counsel the Japanese, is to use a friend's name without bothering to ask.

Businessmen justify their expense accounts on several grounds. Executive salaries in Japan are lower than in most other industrialized countries, and expense accounts are considered to be deserved compensation. Moreover, housing is in tight supply throughout the country, and many top executives are reluctant to invite business guests, especially foreigners, to their embarrassingly cramped homes. Government policy is sympathetic. Companies can claim a full tax deduction on entertainment expenditures up to one-quarter of 1% of their paid-in capital, plus another 4,000,000 yen (about \$15,000).

Some Japanese grumble that expense accounts discriminate against workers who do not have them. Sukeya Abe, a Socialist member of the Diet, is about to submit a bill that would limit the tax-deductibility of entertainment expenditures. The bill is not likely to pass, and government administrators would be loath to enforce it if it did. Explains Abe: "It's always those top boys in the government who get entertained by executives most lavishly."

**Engaged.** Rod Steiger, 47, Hollywood's intense, burly character actor (*Al Capone*, *The Pawnbroker*, *In the Heat of the Night*); and Sherry Nelson 36, his secretary. It will be his third marriage; her second.

**Married.** James Edward Lascelles 19, second son of the Earl of Harewood (the Queen's cousin) and 20th in line of succession to the British throne; and Freddy Duhrssen, 19, American student and member of a Suffolk commune both for the first time; in Worthing, England. Lascelles, organist for a rock group called the Global Village Trucking Company, and Duhrssen met more than a year ago and, according to the bride, "fell in love in a vegetarian restaurant."

**Died.** Eliot Elisofon, 61, staff photographer for LIFE from 1942 until the mid-'60s; following a stroke; in Manhattan. "I wanted to point a camera," Elisofon once said, "at things that I thought needed attention." Quitting a career as a commercial photographer, he covered World War II for LIFE in Africa as well as in the Arctic, Europe and the Pacific. A camera artist who had a unique mastery of color, Elisofon had a particular passion for the Dark Continent and its artifacts, which he lovingly recorded in his 1958 book *The Sculpture of Africa*.

**Died.** Ian Douglas Campbell, 69, eleventh Duke of Argyll and hereditary chief of Scotland's clan Campbell; following a stroke; in Edinburgh. After succeeding to the dukedom in 1949, Campbell shocked his fellow peers by opening the family estate at Inveraray Castle to paying visitors, then appearing in a U.S. magazine ad campaign as a kilt-clad salesman for Argyll socks. Married four times, the duke made more headlines with his 1963 divorce from Wife No. 3, Margaret Whigham Sweeny Campbell, which became the most expensive divorce case (\$140,000 in legal fees) in Scotland's history.

**Died.** Herbert Graf, 69, scholarly, soft-spoken stage director of New York's Metropolitan Opera (1936-60), whose consistently successful productions in the U.S. and Europe made him one of the opera world's most sought-after *regisseurs*; of cancer; in Geneva, Switzerland.

**Died.** Dr. Louis N. Katz, 75, former president (1951-52) of the American Heart Association and pioneering researcher into the causes and treatment of cardiovascular disease, who in 1960 directed the first Heart Association committee to draft an official statement linking heart disease to heavy cigarette smoking; of kidney failure; in Chicago.



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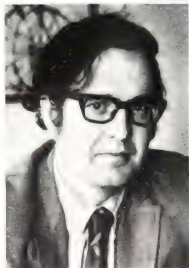
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WILFRID SHEED

## Simple Waltz Steps

PEOPLE WILL ALWAYS BE KIND  
by WILFRID SHEED  
374 pages, Farrar, Straus & Giroux,  
\$7.95.

As a book reviewer of the highest order, and a scorned most subtle, Wilfrid Sheed can light up another man's novel, amuse the children by blowing smoke rings for a quarter of an hour, and then stub out the butt with a gesture so incisive that the wretched author resolves to forswear literature and apprentice himself to a tree surgeon. But Sheed is also a novelist himself, so skilled that a few years ago, in *Mus Jamieson*, he managed to write a strong and eloquent novel whose main character was a critic. The feat was the equivalent of successfully memorializing a dentist, and the decision on all sides was that Sheed was a marvel.

He continues to be one. The central figure of the present book is Brian Casey, a gifted Irish-American Senator who wants, or seems to want, to be President. A peculiarity of the novel is that Casey's character becomes progressively less vivid and distinct as the narration advances, until by the last page he has totally disappeared from view. This is no accident, and, in fact, Sheed may have hit on the perfect literary device to portray the evolution of that strange political subspecies—public illusionists, private delusionists—whose members become candidates for the U.S. presidency.

The technique is extremely tricky, however, and the view here is that Sheed to some extent has fumbled. The novel comes in two sections. The first is a recollection by Casey himself of his school

and college years, the second a view of Casey's presidential campaign recorded by a griggish young Ivy League speechwriter who is both beguiled and disguised by the candidate. The problem with this arrangement is that the speechwriter, Sam Perkins, is not really intelligent or substantial enough to be a good observer. The reader does not want Casey to be explained—at the core of every soul there is an irreducible question mark, and the only difference between politicians and other sinners is that the former's question marks are little neon signs that glow in five colors and blink on and off. The trouble with Perkins is that he shrugs and gives up before he gets to the place where Casey's blinking sign could have been seen.

The title of the novel is taken from Siegfried Sassoon: "Does it matter? —losing your legs? ... For people will always be kind. And you need not show that you mind. When the others come in after hunting. To gobble their muffins and eggs." The significance is that Casey, like Sheed himself, was crippled by polio as a boy. It seems to be this affliction that focuses his energy, on politics, or, as Sam Perkins eventually sees it, on a compulsion to see healthy people brought to their knees. The novel's main concern, however, is the cloudy question of whether Casey is a very good man or a very bad one. He himself may not know and, since Perkins is so inadequate an observer, the reader, far from glimpsing the answer barely catches sight of the question.

This is a Catholic novel, which complicates the situation. Tangled spirals of barbed and rusty religion crowd the Manhattan apartment in which Casey lives with his parents as a young man. It does not seem a particularly promising spiritual beginning, and yet Casey's Catholicism marks him in a way that is not necessarily negative. By the end of the novel, Perkins thinks that Casey wants to be God, but the possibility appears to exist that Casey merely and profoundly wants to obey him.

**Virility.** As a writer, Sheed can easily do a double back flip without spilling the wine in his glass. (He has dismissed book reviewing as a couple of insights and "a few simple waltz steps.") Unlike most stylistic acrobats, he is quite capable of writing a dozen plain sentences in a row if *dazzle* seems inappropriate. Thus, when he describes the reaction to one of Casey's speeches, it is the scene, and not the author's splendid suppleness, that lingers in the mind. "And when it was over, they exploded with a passion that would have sent Hitler to bed happy. 'My God, he's one of us. He's against the war, but he's one of us.' Casey sat there head forward, staring at the future, like Churchill. The virility that was too much for a small office, the St. Ber-

nard breathing on your face, was just right for large dining rooms and sports arenas. I found myself clapping too, and grinning at some banker, who was looking around for agreement."

This is an odd, shrewd book, whose quality is suggested by the reader's strong feeling at the end that Sheed's only real mistake was to quit writing about 200 pages short of his natural stopping place.

—John Skow

## Before Bovary

FLAUBERT IN EGYPT  
by FRANCIS STEEGMULLER  
232 pages, Atlantic-Little, Brown, \$8.50.

Gustave Flaubert, the master of style, the father of realism, used to tweak his mighty mustaches and quiver his 19th century, man-of-letters jowls while he told interviewers, "*Madame Bovary, c'est moi*." Indeed she was, and this book documents it.

He made merciless fun of poor Emma Bovary, that silly little goose of a Norman schoolgirl, who dreamed in the convent of a mysterious East full of "sultans with long pipes, swooning under arborgs in the arms of dancing girls... tigers... Tartar minarets on the horizon... kneeling camels." But that was just the East that young Gustave, a dreamy, handsome, unpublished Norman author, a motherboard retarded adolescent of 27, went to see in 1849, the year before he began writing his novel.

His rich young friend Maxime du Camp had wangled a government mission to photograph the temples of the Nile, then half buried in sand and almost unknown to the European public. Flaubert went along. The two were in Egypt for nine months. They saw the sights and visited the local celebrities, joined caravans of pilgrims and slaves. They sailed up and down the Nile,



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## BOOKS

shaved their heads and wore tarbooshes, sat up late at night smoking long Turkish pipes and comparing their notes and observations. They kept diaries and wrote letters home—chaste and respectful ones to Mme. Flaubert, wildly lubricious ones to a poor sex-starved friend named Bouilhet—and later Du Camp wrote a book about their travels. Out of these materials Francis Steegmuller has translated excerpts and strung them together with brief comments of his own to make a lively and intermittently hilarious narrative of a gawky young genius stumbling through the land of his dreams.

Flaubert's first sight of Egypt, as he wrote his mother, came "through, or rather in, a glowing light that was like melted silver on the sea." For all those months he remained plunged in a world of vivid color impressions: black earth, purple desert, the bleached bird droppings of 4,000 years running down obelisks and colossi, the deliciously blue sky. The official object of their expedition left him quite cold: he uttered a cry of conventional ecstasy at the first sight of the Sphinx and its "terrifying stare," but as for the temples, they "bore me profoundly." The living panorama of the voyage, however, made all his senses tingle with excitement. He responded to everything strange and savage and grotesque. Naked Coptic monks swam out to the young Frenchman's boat to beg for bakshesh and swam back with coins between their teeth. Stray cows poked their noses into ruins that Du Camp was conscientiously measuring. It was fun to discuss theology with prelates of obscure religions, or the technique of the bastinado with corrupt judges (it takes three months for the flesh of the rump to heal after 500 blows, feet never heal at all). Indiscriminate sex was even greater fun for the young men, though the reader may be slightly bemused by the amount of it included in the book. Flaubert's fleshly encounters—totally devoid of personal communication—satisfied him far more than what he got from the elderly literary nymphs he took for his mistresses back in France.

**Apple-Shaped.** All the while, under this gaudily and rather unprepossessingly romantic Flaubert, another Flaubert was straining to break out—the pointed, pitiless observer of reality whose ambition was to clear away the vapors of the romantic novel in the cold clear rays of *le mot juste*. Here he is, describing a dancing girl named Kuchuk as she begins her writhings: "A tall splendid creature . . . When she bends, her flesh ripples into bronze ridges, heavy shoulders, full apple-shaped breasts . . . She has one upper incisor, right, which is beginning to go bad."

That tarnished incisor was the herald of a literary revolution: the precise, unexpected, vivifying detail added to the general statement, which was to be the mark of serious fiction for the next century. While Flaubert was reveling in

the exotic surroundings, he was mulling over a novel about life back in humdrum Normandy, where he knew the people and spoke the language. According to Du Camp (and Steegmuller tends to believe him) it was on a barren hill overlooking the Second Cataract of the Nile that he cried, "Eureka! I will call her Emma Bovary." ■ Robert Weirick

## Flimsy Whimsy

FAIRY TALE

by ERICH SEGAL

46 pages. Harper & Row. \$4.95.

Once upon a time, a writer who was not really a writer but a moonlighting professor of classics at Yale produced a phenomenal bestseller called *Love Story*. The book had the texture of moist Kleenex, but it was bittersweet and it



ERICH SEGAL RUNNING IN 1972  
Beans for the money free.

brought the professor wealth and fame, which he professed to dislike. He gave an endless series of farewell interviews and accepted one absolutely final non-scholarly job after another, from doing TV sports commentary to acting in movies. Yet did all this help him to achieve his ambition of winning the annual 26-mile Boston Marathon? No. He once finished 50th but by 1971, the year after *Love Story*, he had dropped down to 489th in a field of 887. When he produced his second work of fiction, *Fairy Tale*, in 1973, he was still not a writer either. In fact, he seemed even less of a writer than before.

*Fairy Tale* recounted, briefly but tortuously, the adventures of some mountaineers who lived in a region of the Ozarks called Poop's Peak. "From

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## BOOKS

generation to generation," went an all too typical passage, "The Poopers had zealously clung to the truths which made them free. Namely, snoozing and boozing... The Poopers were congenial shiners of moon, which is to say, hootch hustlers, which is to say, distillers of illegal whisky." When one of them, young Jake Kertuffel, was sent into town to trade in the family jalopy on a new car, he was swindled into accepting a pile of beans on the assurance that a money tree would grow from them. It did, of course, making *Fairy Tale* a sort of Jake and the moneystalk.

The book little perplexed critics because it fit no classification (always an embarrassment to critics). Was it a put-on? Not likely. A children's story? Perhaps, but not published as one. The truth was, all that chiming rhyming and irritating alliterating were so much flimsy whimsy, which is to say a triumph of the arch, which is to say an exercise in self-consciousness-raising. It was so precious that it was not worth attacking, even as a boiler of pot. Maybe the professor was no more of a long-distance runner in the publishing world than in Boston. In which case the book pointed up a moral (always a comfort to critics). For all its talk of riches, it was really about poverty—of invention. Thus it could be considered not so much a fairy tale as a true confession. **■ Christopher Porterfield**

## Strangers to Paradise

**BOUGHT AND SOLD**

by ALBERTO MORAVIA

Translated by ANGUS DAVIDSON

222 pages. Farrar, Straus & Giroux.

\$6.95.

Fiction writers playing at divinity have been known to imagine themselves seagulls, cockroaches, even—what hath God Roth?—a breast. But the most deceptively difficult of all tricks, the trapeze swing with no net, is for a man to imagine himself a woman.

The 34 stories in this collection are all about women, written in the first person. Yet Alberto Moravia is no intellectual transvestite, going for novelty kicks in drag. For more than 45 years, in works like *Two Women* and *Conjugal Love*, he has practiced as the slightly old-fashioned literary psychologist to whom the soul of woman represents the final mystery.

What saves Moravia from post-Romantic banality is a special feeling for women as the quintessentially damned. It is as if, by depicting the life givers at the brink of spiritual death, he has dramatized for himself all the bleakness of modern existence.

These stories represent an almost too successful literary strategy of simulated monotony. Like the films of his fellow countryman Antonioni, Moravia's near fantasies are surreal studies of boredom at point of hysteria. There

is little sense of time or place. Moravia's women seldom have names. They seem to inhabit a kind of limbo, a never-land of listlessness. Often they are rich, like the anti-heroine of *I Haven't Time*, who is the seventh-best-dressed woman in the world. But their money buys them nothing they want because they really have no wants they can recognize. That is their problem.

Sex affords them small pleasure. But they give themselves to different men in the doomed hope that they will find their identity at the point where all the lines of male force intersect. Even motherhood fails to bring Moravian women alive. Mirrors appear again and again, mocking the ladies who stand before them for being less real than their reflections. In Moravia's world, the furniture has more personality than the people who sit upon it.

What is the ultimate Moravia fable? Surely *The Invisible Woman*. As stripped of décor as its subject, this little anecdote depicts almost blandly the tragicomedy of a wife whose husband quite literally looks through her. The chilling aftereffect upon the reader makes the horror of science fiction banal by comparison.

Moravia's stories are, finally, calls to accounting of the lives of people who have wept only in their dreams. "Somebody knocked at the door and a terrible voice cried 'Telegram!'" Thus ends a story ironically titled *Paradise*. Dante could draw another circle of hell from the slump of the Moravian woman—stifling her yawn, stifling her scream—as she shuffles to answer. **■ Melvin Maddocks**

## Best Sellers

### FICTION

- 1—*The Odessa File*, Forsyth (1 last week)
- 2—Jonathan Livingston Seagull, Bach (2)
- 3—*The Taking of Pelham One Two Three*, Gaddy (3)
- 4—*The Sunlight Dialogues*, Gardner (5)
- 5—*Once Is Not Enough*, Susann
- 6—*The Digger's Game*, Higgins
- 7—*The Persian Boy*, Renault (7)
- 8—*Burnt Offerings*, Morasco
- 9—*Law and Order*, Uhlenk
- 10—*Elephants Can Remember*, Christie (4)

### NONFICTION

- 1—Dr. Atkins' Diet Revolution, Atkins (1)
- 2—*The Implosion Conspiracy*, Nizer (2)
- 3—*The Best and the Brightest*, Halberstam (3)
- 4—*The Joy of Sex*, Comfort (4)
- 5—*All Creatures Great and Small*, Herriot (7)
- 6—I'm O.K., You're O.K., Harris (5)
- 7—Harry S. Truman, Truman (6)
- 8—*Journey to Italy*, Costaneda (8)
- 9—*Hour of Gold, Hour of Lead*, Lindbergh (10)
- 10—*Soldier, Lieut. Colonel Anthony*, B. Herbert, U.S.A. (ret.) with James T. Woolen (9)

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## Game with No Winners

Visionary that he was, Baron Pierre de Coubertin foresaw obstacles in pursuing his "grandiose and beneficent work," the founding of the modern Olympic Games. "I am disillusioned," he said, "with the secret war going on between the universities of America and the Amateur Athletic Union."

That was in 1893. In the decades since, the infighting between the A.A.U., which governs nonprofessional sports outside the college orbit, and its campus equivalent, the National Collegiate Athletic Association, has become anything but secret. Their rivalry has reached the stage where Congress is again considering demands that the Federal Government act as referee.

The latest ruckus began when the N.C.A.A. barred coaches and athletes under its jurisdiction from participating in two A.A.U.-sponsored competitions between the U.S. and the Soviet Union. As a result, a weakened American team lost a track meet to the Russians in Richmond last month. More of the same seemed likely in a series of Soviet-American basketball games that will begin April 29 in Los Angeles. Last week N.C.A.A. Executive Director Walter Byers told the House Special Education Subcommittee that his organization would cooperate in the basketball event if the A.A.U. would formally apply for the services of undergraduate players. The A.A.U. promptly complied. At week's end approval by the N.C.A.A. executive council seemed certain.

The outbreak of good will occurred only because four bills to regulate amateur athletics are pending in Congress. One—aimed primarily at the N.C.A.A.—would make it a federal offense with fines up to \$10,000 for any supervisory

organization to penalize college players or coaches who represent the U.S. in international competition. The three other bills would create federal bodies to oversee amateur athletics.

The history of the two groups indicates that the current truce is fragile. Founded in 1888, the A.A.U. is a largely volunteer organization which became the sole authority for certifying American Olympics entries, a right that was and is its primary source of power. The N.C.A.A. was formed in 1906 at the behest of President Theodore Roosevelt to make and enforce rules that would reduce deaths and injuries in college football. As campus sports flourished, so did the N.C.A.A.

Jurisdictional friction became open warfare in the early 1960s, when the N.C.A.A. created a handful of puppet federations in a blatant attempt to encroach on the A.A.U.'s fuzzily defined domain. The N.C.A.A.'s rationale is that the A.A.U. consists of a bunch of doddering old lettermen who are too inept to cope with modern, big-time athletic events. Many in the A.A.U. answer that the salaried coaches and athletic directors of the N.C.A.A. corrupt their youthful charges by paying them off with scholarships and dubious "fringe benefits."

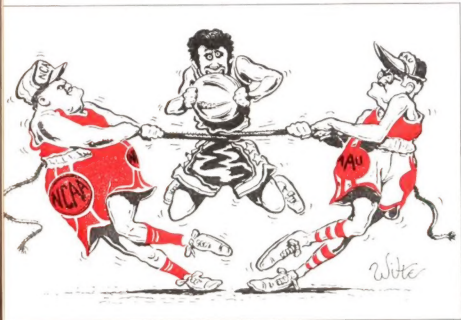
Even more important is the rivalry over lucrative television contracts. Despite the rhetoric about amateurism, nonprofessional sports have been big business for many years, and promise to grow bigger still. Though the N.C.A.A. has peddled the rights to telecast college football to ABC for \$13.5 million, it is still acquisitive enough to covet the \$35,000 that the A.A.U. is getting from CBS for television rights to the opening game of the Soviet-American basketball series.

The war between the organizations

has led to capricious decrees that often penalize innocent athletes and contribute little to the image of sport. When the N.C.A.A. refuses to clear its athletes for an A.A.U. meet one week, the A.A.U. gets revenge the next by neglecting to submit for certification a world record set by an N.C.A.A. runner. Though the authorities generally wink at under-the-table gratuities of various kinds, the N.C.A.A. once suspended Oregon State's Gary Freeman from the varsity basketball team for violating a rule about off-season play. Freeman's heinous crime: on a trip home to Boise, Idaho, he returned to his high school to play in a seniors v. alumni game in which no score was kept and the admission was all of 25¢. Not to be outdone, the A.A.U. once strongly chastised a Fort Lauderdale swimmer named Jamie Nelson for saying that a certain breakfast cereal had helped her recover from a pulled muscle. The A.A.U. apparently figured that Jamie could afford the three-year suspension since she was only five at the time. "The athlete is so controlled by official restrictions," says 1968 Olympic Decathlon Champion Bill Toomey, "that he has to carry around a book just to know where he can compete and where he can't."

**Uncertainty.** Efforts to bring some order and rationality to amateur athletics have been going on for years without much success. One attempt to mediate the feud was too much even for Theodore Keel, an experienced New York labor negotiator who was called in to head a sports arbitration board. "These people," he said after 27 months of investigation and deliberation, "make the Teamsters look like undernourished doves." Keel's board, however, did issue an opinion in 1968 that spelled out the jurisdictional rights of both groups. It also provided that neither could "unreasonably" withhold approval of the other's events. The A.A.U. accepted the proposal; the N.C.A.A., complaining that the decision was "a complete misstatement of facts," rejected it. The conflict escalated further this year when the N.C.A.A. withdrew from the U.S. Olympic Committee and Director Byers asked the N.C.A.A.'s 664 member schools not to solicit funds for the 1976 teams.

Where things go now is uncertain. Last week's compromise showed that cooperation is possible, provided that there is enough motivation—or enough pressure. But congressional committees can hardly intervene in every specific disagreement. The legislative proposals, while attractive as a last resort, might result in adding a new level of bureaucracy to an already tangled situation. An alternative would be to revive the Keel board's proposals and make them stick. To these should be added a provision for a standing arbitration committee that would consider and promptly rule on specific disputes. That would be one way to end the game in which no one is a winner.



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